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LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY MARJORIE MANNERS.

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Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Marjorie Manners	37, 38
"Tables of Prices." (Leader)	38
Country Notes	39
The Seven Lost Sisters, by Alice E. Gillingham	39
"And Underneath are the Everlasting Arms"	40
In the Lists, by Oswald Barron. (Illustrated by G. D. Armour) ..	41
A Dirge, by Lady Margaret Sackville	43
Is it Well with the Navy? by Nauticus. (Illustrated)	44
The King and His People. (Illustrated)	46
Tales of Country Life: Among the Goose-hills, by J. M. Dodington ..	47
The Royal Society.—I., by H. B. Wheatley. (Illustrated)	48
Country Home: Kinross House.—I. (Illustrated)	54
Animal-life in the Egyptian Desert, by Algernon Blackwood	60
Isle of Wight Bee Disease, by A. E. Shipley, F.R.S. (Illustrated) ..	62
The Lawn Tennis Championships. (Illustrated)	63
The Raven and the Rook	64
Literature	65
The Early Naturalists: Their Lives and Work (Professor Miall); The Art of Golf (Joshua Taylor); London Windows (Ethel Talbot); The Daughter of Brahma (I. A. R. Wylie); Damsel Croft (R. Murray Gilchrist); Stories Without Tears (Barry Pain).	
Henley Week. (Illustrated)	66
On the Green: The Virtue of the Cross Bunker. (Illustrated)	68
Correspondence	70
Earwig in the Ear (Douglas C. Robinson); More About the Shoebill (A. L. Butler); From a Garden in North Devon; A Gold Medalist; The Swiss Point of View (Borsinger de Baden); A Bad Fruit Year (Eldred Walker); Cat and Rabbit; Ornithological Pilgrimages; A Catch of Stoats (H. Clarkson); Sweet Peas on Wire-Netting (Clarence Ponting); A Swimming Pheasant (Arthur Webber); Animals and Music (T. Clarke); Staining Oak Panelling; The Meaning of the County Show (Alan H. Twentyman); The Distinguishing Mark of the Adder (Benjamin Hanley); Indian Roses (Major H. Chandler); A Mountain Smithy.	
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	3*
A Lesser Country House of the Seventeenth Century: Little Boarhunt (Illustrated)	7*
Racing Notes. (Illustrated)	12*
Kennel Notes, by A. Croxton Smith	13*
New Implements at the Royal Show. (Illustrated)	16*
Shooting Notes: Rifle-shooting at the Olympic Games. (Illustrated) ..	20*
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	22*
Polo Notes	32*
Devonshire Cottage Cookery	36*
For Town and Country. (Illustrated)	40*

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

"TABLES OF PRICES."

M R. R. H. REW of the Board of Agriculture has used this plain-looking phrase to describe the third volume of Agricultural Statistics for 1911, which has just been issued. At a superficial glance it appears to be a forbidding collection of figures; but if we look below the surface and treat those numerals not as mere items in a mathematical calculation, but as emblems of changes that have taken place, it will be possible to disclose their real interest. Unfortunately, they do require very close examination. The man in search of figures to bolster up an argument may be quite content with a statement that the average price of wheat in 1911 was exactly the same as in 1910. In reality the coincidence only shows how misleading is the word "average." The weekly return of prices on which it is based takes no note of quantities. In 1910 the price of wheat steadily declined; in 1911 there was a steady perceptible rise. The sales of wheat during the months September, October and November are greatest because in those months the bulk of the harvest is disposed of. The price during this busy time was

2s. 2d. per quarter higher in 1911 than in 1910. It is therefore plain that, although the same average was reached in each year, 1911 was by far the more satisfactory to the farmer because in it he gained a better price for the greater quantity of his wheat. All the same, it is remarkable that the two figures should approximate so closely as to be nominally identical, though actually meaning two different things. The inference is that the huge multitude of consumers which is being brought into existence at so terrific a rate is being fairly met by the increased production. For this we have chiefly to thank Canada. Other parts of the world are growing more wheat, but they are consuming more also. In the case of the United States, it would appear that considerable supplies are sent across the Pacific instead of the Atlantic; the American figures want elucidation. Wheat remains, as it always has been, the staff of life, and its price therefore is of more consequence than that of oats, barley and the other cereals.

When we turn from bread to meat, it is to find a decline in price. In 1910 a high level was maintained, but in 1911 cattle on the whole were cheaper, though above the average of the previous seven years. Sheep and pigs fell off in monetary value. The curious thing about meat is that it in reality shows such small variation in price. Up to a certain point an improvement in the standard of living means an increased consumption of meat, but a time comes when the householder, having as much meat as he desires, begins to improve his standard in other directions. Instead of a joint he purchases game or poultry, and perhaps lessens his consumption of meat by the addition to his table of vegetable products which he had hitherto regarded as unobtainable luxuries. But the most interesting section of this Report is that devoted to milk, as the drought of 1911 affected this article of food more than any other. If ever the foreigner had a chance of competing with the Englishman in his own market it was during that historically dry summer. We may be certain that the facts here set down by Mr. Rew will long be quoted. At the beginning of the year the supplies were equal to the demand, but towards the end of the month of January buyers were reported to be keenly on the look-out in the country for milk for Lady Day contracts, and in some instances were already offering higher prices than in the previous year. After the middle of February, however, the supply began to increase, and prices actually fell in March and April. In May the lowest level of the year was reached. June showed the first slight effects of the coming drought; but the markets did not respond in a pronounced manner till the middle of July. Then milk became a scarce commodity and prices bounded up, "in London as much as 23d. per imperial gallon being paid at Liverpool Street and Stratford Stations." The scarcity continued in August, causing the price to reach a high average in great towns such as London, Birmingham and Manchester. The famine grew keener in September. "At Euston, King's Cross and St. Pancras, as much as £2 per churn or 28d. per imperial gallon was paid in some instances during the third week of the month." This scarcity was naturally attended by an enhanced price of butter and other dairy products, which had shown a tendency to decline in the early part of the year. "The records of contract prices at the London County Asylums show that 76s. per cwt., the October contract price of English cheddar, was last paid in October, 1899, while 69s. per cwt. for Canadian Cheddar is the highest price yet paid for imported cheese in these contracts."

Not only these main articles of food were dearer, but so were the subsidiary table products. Vegetable-growers will long remember 1911 as the most difficult one of their experience in raising vegetables. Potato-growers alone among them had luck, as the crop was a fairly good one, and the price obtained showed a great advance on 1908, 1909 and 1910. It is a pity that Mr. Rew did not supplement his excellent tables of figures or, at any rate, the disquisition in which he introduces them with some particulars in regard to eggs and poultry. The outlay on eggs has for a long time shown a steady advance, especially in winter, so that it is becoming a serious burden. Should the irksomeness of it lead to an extension of the poultry-keeping industry, it will not have occurred in vain.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR portrait this week is of Lady Marjorie Manners, eldest daughter of the Duke of Rutland, whose engagement to the Marquess of Anglesey has just been announced.

It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES.



NOTHING could more strikingly illustrate the splendid organisation of the Royal Show than the fact that the meeting at Doncaster was not utterly ruined by the prohibition of cattle, sheep, pigs and goats. These form a very important feature of any exhibition, and this year there were special reasons why they should attract visitors. The first was that Argentine buyers, who had been kept off for some time by the exclusion of British imports owing to previous cases of foot-and-mouth disease, had assembled in large numbers, "hungry to buy," as one of them graphically put it. There was nothing for them but to turn back. The whole of the cattle contingent practically took the train home again, and the agriculturists of Yorkshire who are specially interested in this feature of their craft did not go to the show. Several of the most entertaining as well as instructive competitions had perforce to be abandoned. There was no milking, no butter-making, no cream tests and, worst of all from the spectacular point of view, no sheepdog trials. Even machinery was placed at a disadvantage, for the new milking machine, which our correspondent describes, could not be seen practically at work because there were no cows.

In spite of all this, the exhibition was very far from being a failure. The financial results have not been announced at the time of writing; but it is certain the loss cannot possibly be what was at one time anticipated. An obvious reason for this is that Doncaster is geographically situated in one of the most horse-loving neighbourhoods of Great Britain, and the show of horses could scarcely have been surpassed in excellence and interest. The light horses, especially those native to the soil, like the Yorkshire coach-horses and the Cleveland bays, offered perhaps the most attractive sight; the parade, at any rate, was watched by a mighty ring of visitors. The heavy horses looked more like business; but they were a splendid company. The champion Shire might be accepted as a perfect model of the breed, and the Suffolks and Clydesdales were certainly very little behind him. More, however, than the quality of the animals went to save the show from disaster. It was, in a word, management, which has taken the form of widening the scope and strengthening the interest. The horticultural exhibition, for instance, has now become a very strong feature. Somebody epigrammatically summed it up as "horses and horticulture"; but like all epigrams, this only conveyed half the truth. It did not give the popular value of the poultry side, which is a continually growing one and attracts thousands where fat stock attract hundreds. The details, in a word, are attended to in a most thorough-going manner.

The lesson of the show is an important one, and ought to be driven home to the public mind. It is the frightful danger attending a general outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. It would be very difficult to estimate at all closely the gigantic pecuniary loss involved by it on this occasion. The obvious moral is that the Board of Agriculture ought to claim from the Development Fund an ample sum for biological research. This fund, as far as we can see, is in considerable danger of being whittled away on unimportant researches. Perhaps the word "unimportant" is open to cavil. We do not wish to insinuate that the study of anything connected with practical agriculture

lacks importance; what we do say is that a great many of the experiments which are wholly or in part financed out of the Development Fund might be very well left to the teaching institutions. It is their business to investigate and experiment on the smaller scale; but a disease like foot-and-mouth, of which we practically know nothing except its contagiousness and its deadly effects, demands a very special effort. No question of expense should be allowed to stand in the way. The money could not be more profitably laid out. Let anyone who doubts it sit down and try to add up the variety of losses caused by an outbreak, and he will readily admit that the language used is not too strong, or even strong enough. These losses fall on every section of the community—grazier, breeder, farmer, landowner and, worst of all, on the consumer. An industry is crippled and the whole population taxed simply because we have not an adequate understanding of the nature of foot-and-mouth disease, and therefore have no means of coping with it except with the poleaxe.

THE SEVEN LOST SISTERS.

All in the leafy mazes, all in the passing of June,
When the nightingale's song is hushed to a sob and the cuckoo is
out o' tune,
And the lapwing's mournful cry
Wails the hot nooning by,
The Seven Lost Sisters stray the roads with dust i' their silken
shoon.

It is a lingering legend which Forest travellers hold,
A word of warning whispered oft, perchance, since days of old,
To lull their babes to sleep
In tents of the bushes deep;
Though what sad story hangs thereto I never have been told.

Seven white sister roses with fragrance in their breath,
Against the blue in the briars so high or low in the grass beneath;
Seven on one stem,
With tears at the heart o' them—
"Lost!" wails the lapwing—"Lost, lost, lost!" bleats the goat
bird on the heath.

All in the leafy mazes, all in the passing of June,
When the nightingale's song has sunk to a croak and the cuckoo
is out o' tune,
And the Dead Men's Fingers grow
On the heath in the hummocks low,
And the Lady's Golden Hair is spread on the bed of the gorse at
noon;—

Lost stray the Seven Sisters through the deeps o' the Forest old,
In gowns of creamy samyt clad and torques of tawny gold,
Seven on one stem
With tears on the face o' them,
Round gypsy fires in the bush o' briars, you may hear the story
told!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

On Tuesday, Canadian statesmen now in England witnessed one of the most instructive sights that could be presented to Imperial eyes. This was, we need scarcely say, the great Naval Review. No doubt the Canadians were deeply impressed, as anyone must have been by such an imposing fleet. They are, however, if we understand them aright, not prone to gush or become frothily enthusiastic. They possess the sound common-sense and moderation of their British forefathers, and no doubt weighed up the greatness of the task that these ships have to perform as well as their magnitude. If we think of the waterways that have to be patrolled; the commerce, the food and the lives that have to be guarded; the interests that have to be watched over in the uttermost parts of the earth, we cannot feel that the fleet is more than adequate; and no doubt the Canadians, gratified as they were by such an exhibition of strength, took counsel among themselves as to what practical steps were necessary to ensure that the position of the British Empire would remain unassailed and unassailable. Mr. Borden and his colleagues recognise that something should be done permanently, and that this something should be worthy of the Dominion; and, secondly, that a permanent arrangement should be made between the Mother and the Daughter Countries, so that the whole strength of this great Empire should be made available at a moment of crisis. That is the grand ideal which inspires the thoughts and calculations of every sober and patriotic mind.

Agriculturists, like other people, continue to be very much puzzled over the Insurance Act. A very competent and successful farmer was laying down his views about it to us only a few

days ago. He is not a writing man and could not commit his thoughts to paper; but as the difficulties he is experiencing are those of other people, it may be worth while to set them down. One little grievance was this: He lives at a distance of five miles from his bank, which is certainly not unusual in the case of a farmer, and his habit is to cash a cheque on Fridays for the purpose of paying his men. It should be noted that he employs thirty adult labourers in addition to a considerable number of women and children. From their wages he will have to deduct in copper their contributions to the Insurance Fund. This means that instead of being able to bring home so much gold and so much silver, he will also have to carry a load of copper. Next, he says that it will be impossible to carry out the provisions of the Act unless each labourer lodges his card with him. If that is not done, the card will be forgotten at times, dirtied, probably in some cases lost, and all or any of these accidents will involve waste of time. We know well that, in this particular instance, time is money.

Two other grievances relate to casual labour and to women. On this farm, as on many others, it is a common practice when a man out of work comes along, if he is at all a likely-looking fellow, to give him a day at hoeing, harvesting, potato-digging, or whatever may be the business of the hour. Next morning it may be wet, or the man may not like the job, and he takes his departure along the highway, perhaps not seeking any more work till he is eight or ten miles off. In that case the Monday employer has to pay the Insurance, and, of course, it would not pay him to go to the trouble of extracting their share from subsequent employers of the week. In the case of women, this farmer employs at the present moment ten, who are all more or less aged or infirm. They are employed to cut thistles, weed, pick stones and do odd jobs of that sort. They are paid at the rate of one shilling and sixpence a day, or nine shillings a week, which renders the farmer liable to the higher rate of contribution, as it is under the ten shilling limit. This is a legitimate grievance and a piece of economic stupidity, because if these women could not find any work to do they would simply come on the rates. Finally, he was of opinion that the labouring people themselves will absolutely refuse to pay their contribution. It will lead to their getting what they call broken money on pay night, and broken money is always a mistake.

The present year, with its alternating showers and sunshine, has been a good one for sweet peas, hence it was not surprising to find an exceptionally good display at the Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square, on Tuesday last. It was rather unfortunate that the National Sweet Pea Society's London show clashed with that of the National Rose Society; but the exhibition itself suffered little in consequence. Although the flowers were good in almost every instance, there were no outstanding novelties, and it would almost seem that this beautiful and fragrant flower has reached its zenith. There was in many varieties a noticeable tendency for the standards of the flowers to come double, and many exhibits that contained such flowers were disqualified by the judges. The most advance during recent years has undoubtedly been made among the salmon and blue coloured varieties, and there are now a number of good ones of each colour to select from.

Although roses have been flowering much earlier than usual this year, the National Rose Society got together a magnificent display on Tuesday last, when their metropolitan exhibition was held in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park. During the morning Queen Alexandra visited the show and spent some time admiring the blooms. It was interesting to note the popularity that the free-flowering garden roses have attained, these being more largely in evidence than ever before, and almost eclipsing the more stately exhibition blooms. The large, flat baskets filled with these garden roses so as to show the blooms as naturally as possible, were one of the most pleasing and interesting features of the show. The Nurseryman's Championship Trophy for show blooms went to Ireland, as did many other valuable prizes, while growers in the Oxford district were particularly fortunate with Tea and Noisette roses. New seedling varieties were shown in quantity, and a number gained medals or other awards; one of the best, named *Andrew Carnegie*, hailing from Scotland. This is a lovely cream white rose that has been obtained by crossing the well-known *Frau Karl Druschki* with the older *Niphetos*, and possesses the vigour, size and substance of the first-named and the fragrance of *Niphetos*.

In our "Correspondence" pages this week a most curious instance is described of an earwig justifying its name by taking up its abode in the ear of a lance-corporal of the King's Own Regiment. The man complained of severe pains in the head,

which came on suddenly. He was taken to the hospital and a pump was applied to his ear, with the result that an earwig was pumped out, which gave him instant relief. The case was so singular that we sent it to a medical authority, whose note will be read with profit by all who live in the country, especially this year, when earwigs are uncommonly numerous and invade every part of the house, particularly where the house is clad with creepers, these affording an easy entrance to bedrooms by windows, which are usually kept open at this season. The danger of an earwig seeking refuge inside a human ear is remote, but cannot altogether be ignored, as it is a habit of the creature to avoid light and seek concealment in a dark place. Certainly those who wish to live in comfort and avoid a certain amount of anxiety will do well to see that the means of access to the house is denied to these insects.

Of the discussions raised during the Congress of the Universities of the Empire, one of the most fruitful arose out of a speech delivered by Sir George Gibb on the relation of the Universities to business life. Is a University training good for a business man or is it not? The question is more easily asked than answered. Some still hold with Robert Burns, who wrote of Scotch University students "they gang in stirks and come oot asses," but others who are more experienced than the poet, and nearly as shrewd, hold that a man with a University training will very often in the mercantile career be able to overtake those who had three years' start of him. This view was put very clearly by Mr. H. A. Roberts of the Cambridge Appointments Committee. He and the poet have expressed two views, which each contain a certain amount of truth and of untruth. The University is good, but it must not be trusted to do everything. If a young man be sent to Oxford or Cambridge without any definite aim in life, or any very high ideal beyond that of enjoying himself and being agreeable to other people, it is very certain that he will be little better at the end of his course than he was at the beginning; but the youth animated by a purpose, who has already found out what he would like to do in life, is certain to benefit much more from these years of study than he would have done from a premature fixed appointment. His brain has had time to grow; his views are broadened; his knowledge deepened; his mind disciplined; he is, in a word, more efficient; but his efficiency depends on two factors, of which the University is only one and himself the other.

"AND UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS."

The day was dark when Blossom came;
With many a chilling eastern blast—
But oh, the pleasant firelight flame
When she lay in my arms at last.

Was the night dark when Blossom went?—
I did not heed the wind's alarms;
I know her safe—who was but lent—
Within the Everlasting Arms.

G.

Hard on the news of the death of the Australian great hitter, Mr. Bonnor, comes that of the very greatest of fast bowlers that ever lived, Tom Richardson. An Australian, Mr. Spofforth, is the only bowler of the same type that can claim comparison with him, and Richardson's remarkable successes were achieved on wickets that favoured bowlers less than those on which Mr. Spofforth won himself so great a name. In four successive years did Richardson take nine hundred and seventy wickets in first-class cricket, and on one occasion he bowled without change in a Test match for three and a-half hours. That brief statement in itself contains a record not only wonderful, but even unique for a fast bowler. He had splendid physique, a remarkably easy action, a courage which made him indifferent to being hit, and fearless of any opposing batsman's reputation, and he kept pitching the ball well up as only a man could do who was born with the sporting temperament as well as with the great physical gift which distinguished him. It is very nearly safe to say that we shall not look upon his like again.

They are about to grow, in France, tobacco from seeds imported from Cuba and from Maryland, and intend to call the produce the tobacco of Havana and of Virginia respectively. The question of what may be in a name is suggested, but its futility was never more apparent than in this very instance. Importation of tobacco seeds and plants from places much less distant from each other than France from the West Indies has been attempted before now; the Havana plant itself has been removed to Virginia, or further south in America, the climate not unlike that in which it is indigenous; yet the result is never satisfactory. The original flavour is missing, though the plant is grown from the original stock, proving, as we may

presume, that it is the soil that counts, and not the climate overhead nor the hereditary traditions of the plant. And so we may expect it to be with the tobacco that will be grown in France from the seeds of Cuba and of Maryland. There is little reason to doubt that it will give a good smokable leaf, but there is every reason to doubt whether it will ever pass for the real Havana or the real Virginia tobacco.

It appears as if those growers of the silkworm who supply the market with gut for fishing casts have been following the short-sighted policy of the slayers of the goose that laid the golden eggs. In their zeal to meet the constantly-growing demands of the market for their produce they seem to have

kept back a very insufficient breeding stock, and the result is that we are told that the supply for this year is by something like fifty per cent. short of the requirements. This is a serious matter for the angler, and it is natural to think that the conditions are likely to make many a fisherman who has hitherto resisted the claims made on behalf of Telerana give that useful substitute for the real article a liberal trial. Our own experience of it goes to show that when it is new it is very strong, though it is never as easy for tying and for the attachment of the eyed hook as gut. There are some who have a prejudice against its limpness, saying that it imparts no life to the fly, and they may be right; but there is little doubt that the shortage of the gut crop will tend to make its use more general.

IN THE LISTS.



A SALUTE.

At least, let us say, the Earl's Court tournament should be a nine days' wonder. It can hope for no longer fame, even this tournament in which authentic lords are breaking lances in the lists to the joy and content of a gentle company that has cast down its red gold very handsomely for a sight of the gallant show. Everyone this week is talking of the Eglinton tournament. There was a costly show. Forty thousand pounds came out of the Eglinton rents to pay the bills of it. The rain spoiled half the sport; and, truth to tell, its magnificence must have savoured of Astley's Amphitheatre. Antiquaries of 1839 were, for the most part, still quarrelling over disputed inscriptions upon Roman milestones; they had neither skill nor will to arm a knight in his plates or cut out a gown for a Queen of Beauty. Mr. Gandish, the historical painter, was content to fit upon his lay-figure a stock costume, something with a slashed doublet, with a Dog Toby's frill about the neck, which served to clothe Alfred in the Neatherd's Hut or the Little Princes in the Tower. As for the theatrical dressmaker, he is, even in these enlightened days, an heresiarch of anachronisms who will fit King Harry for Agincourt with thirteenth century chain-mail belted with a New Art girdle. In 1839, about two or three years after he had provided Mr. Tupman with the costume of a bandit, he was busy with commands for the Eglinton tournament, and, by all accounts, his work must have been wondrous in the antiquary's eyes. For the matter of armour he had Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick's new picture-book with its large coloured pictures of prancing knights. But I do not understand that he followed Sir Samuel in the spirit of nice pedantry. Knights who could

not bring out the rusted harness of their forefathers, knights who would not accommodate their stout Victorian legs to the armour of ancestors as lean in thigh and calf as Comanche horsemen were armed in the fashion that was good enough for the King Johns and Hotspurs of uncritical Keans and Macreadys. There is an Eglinton helmet that, now or of late, was in a glass case at the Tower. Louis Napoleon wore it; you could not see it without waking remembrances of Skelt's Characters of the British Drama adapted for the use of the nursery theatre.

Yet although Eglinton Castle, at the bidding of its free-handed young spendthrift, made itself little better than a circus to the view, Lord Eglinton and his companion Knights of the Swan and Knights of the Eagle had, in spite of the envious rain, their full forty thousand pounds' worth of immortality. The tale of their doings is chronicled by every gentleman then occupied with his memoirs. The Victorian letter-writers whose industrious goose-quills crossed and recrossed so many pages of Bath Post sent gossip of the Eglinton tournament up and down the country. You will find all about it in Dizzy's novels; the "Ingoldsby Legends," that most important text-book of Early Victorian archaeology, have their rhymes of those who came on to the castle of good Lord Eglinton, of Sir Craven, Sir Gael and Sir Campbell of Saddell, who, as poor Hook said, when he heard of the feat, was somehow knocked out of his family seat. Lady Seymour, pretty, witty Lady Seymour—has everybody enjoyed her correspondence with a Baronet's Lady on the subject of a nursery-maid's character?—was "Queen of Beauty" until the day when she died an old duchess. One may say, indeed, that this bonny affair of Eglinton and the gentle and joyous passage of arms in "Ivanhoe" are the only two tournaments of popular memory and that each was a jolly Wardour Street business. Doubtless we shall remember them yet a little when we have forgotten all about this tournament

at Earl's Court, where antiquarian warrant has been sought for all things from spur to banner.

Pageants a many we have seen in these latter years, until you would believe that, as the Elizabethan heraldic student says of the great multitude of armorial crosses, we are in a manner weary of them. Yet the pageant recurs—Queen Elizabeth and Mr. Pepys were masking it at Huntingdon a week ago. The Ball of 1812 is scarcely out of the illustrated papers; the Military Tournament is become every year's pageant. And now there is this Elizabethan tournament at Shakespeare's Earl's Court, a brave, extravagant tournament of right Tudor costliness. On its merits it should share the Eglintonian fame. Like O'Rourke's noble feast it should never be forgot by those who were there or by those who were not. Yet we are, as Dr. Watts has moralised it, loving our sports so well, so constant at our play, that the Earl's Court tournament may be, a month hence, vague in our memory as last season's fancy-dress balls.

Nevertheless, this is a week when even those of us who have not seen the lance-play may talk a while of tournaments which were gayer than bridge tournaments and golf tournaments. In the Elizabethan, in the Shakespearian, age the noblest of the ancient pageants was drawing stately towards its end. James I. could never have loved a show in which so much bright steel showed naked, although, strangely enough, there was a Jacobean tournament at Westminster in which all the fantasies of the fifteenth century seemed to rise and walk again. The young Henry of Wales, a prince of the tilt-yard and fencing school, died and made way for a Prince of Wales less apt to arms, whom the evil fates harnessed for graver work. With the Civil War there was an end of all tourneying and jousting. Restoration times restored a King for whom such matters were as out of fashion as yellow-starched ruffs, who stretched his limbs at pall-mall, who would rather see his horses running over Newmarket Heath than charging in the yard at Whitehall. Even that horse



THE CHARGERS.



THE COURSE.

Knight in full jousting armour. Grandguard (neck and left side protection). Pasguard (left elbow guard) and mainfere or bridle gauntlet.

pedant, old Newcastle, had no mind for reviving of the tournament.

A man in full armour was become an archaic figure; the very Champion of England was tottering on the edge of absurdity. The tournament was dead as the Parliament of Love. Perhaps it was better that it should pass thus than change to the costly folly of the carrousel, that ballet on horseback in which French princes, who would no longer risk the canter along the barrier, displayed their pretty persons as Morisco Kings and Sun Kings. With us it went out in the likeness of old chivalry. Yet under the last Tudor queen the tilt-yard must have seemed as stable an institution as monarchy itself. The nature and rules of the game were not notably changed since the days of Petit Jehan de Saintré. Sir Harry Lee could vow himself to be the young queen's champion with lance and sword against all comers, although Cervantes was born and already scribbling on paper. One-and-thirty years later, Sir Harry, stiffer in the joints, solemnly surrendered his office to a younger knight, sworn champion to a maturer Gloriana. All the favourites—Essex, Leicester, Cumberland, Raleigh—were jousting in that age. Puritanic Higford comes nigh to breaking into song when he tells how Spenser's Sir Scudamour would prance full-armed in the yard until you might have seen the shoes of his horse glisten over the heads of the crowd. Master Jacob, the German armourer at the Greenwich forge, hammered year in and year out upon tournament harnesses for the lords and knights of Whitehall.

Curiously wrought were those suits of plate, striped and barred and fretted with graven ornaments. But that very ornament helped to banish the ancient gaieties of heraldry. Knights would not cover the fine work of graving and inlaying with tabards and horse-trappers of armorial needlework. Also the great jousting-helm had made way for the last of the closed helmets; there would be no more crests but flying ostrich feathers. For the rest, the armourer was saying the last word of his craft. The lovely lines of a fifteenth century white steel harness would not return again. But the gilding and scrolling was upon armour that would lock up a champion safe enough against all the common risks of the tournament.

At the end the desperate old game had become safe enough; the flying-man on his monoplane faces any day a thousand times the peril of the Elizabethan champion whose harness of war was cunningly reinforced with mainguard and pasguard and mainfere, until, a charmed image of steel, he peeped through

his narrow sights at a champion stiff-swaddled in a like safety. The old Norman knights, reckless as schoolboys, must yet have blunted their lance-heads for the rough sport, even before the day when William of Preuilly "invented tournaments" and gave them their first rules. Before the end of the thirteenth century you have the coronall for the jousting-spear. A hundred years later and the smiths are devising special armour for jousting work, heavier plates than a man will carry to war. But jousting was mighty perilous until the Portugal fashion of the tilt came in by way of the Burgundian court. The first tilt, as its name tells you, was a cloth, a long cloth stretched lawn tennis net wise adown the lists. Along this tilt the knight rode, keeping his side of it as he levelled his lance beside his horse's left ear for a slanting push at the adversary. The cloth tilt changed to a substantial barrier of timber; it mounted to the horse's head. And then, unless you lost your saddle, unless you had a French king's ill-luck with a splintered lance-truncheon, naught could harm you; you might defend your lady's honour safely enough. Revive us the tournament with the last of its precautions and the insurance companies will accept the jousting proposal where they refuse the polo player. One may repeat that the example of the flying-man is enough to show that the peril of the game gives no reason for barring a revival of the play at tilt and barriers. It would seem, however, that the best plea for the tournament as a twentieth century sport lies in its exceeding costliness; the most sensitive millionaire might decently engage himself for a pastime in which many an Englishman has lost lordship and rent. OSWALD BARRON.

A DIRGE.

LET not around her brows be set
Earth's golden blossoms for a coronet.
For she was of the sea and not of earth;
Grey waters gave her birth.
And she who sleeps so soundly shall become
Grey mist and elemental foam.
Rather those petals which light winds blow down
From the waves' crest shall be her crown.
Ah! me, what faint, salt, savourless perfume stirs
Round those fast fading flowers of hers!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

IS IT WELL WITH THE NAVY?

BY NAUTICUS.

"IT is the Navy whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend." This is the preamble to the Naval Discipline Act, more familiarly known as the Articles of War, in the words which were used by the House of Commons more than five hundred years ago. The affirmation contains a truth which is admitted by all, and which is the basic fact upon which the Empire has been built and is maintained. The consequences of defeat to this country at sea would be far greater than they could be to any Continental Power. We have no large Army, and thus, however strong the Navy may be, we cannot invade any Continental State. Our naval strength means, as Mr. Churchill once said, not only our freedom, but our very existence. These facts again fully justify our maintenance of what Mr. Asquith has termed our indisputable superiority on the seas.

There is, however, another preamble which it is impossible for this country to ignore. It is attached to the German Navy Law of 1900 as an explanatory note:

In order to protect Germany's sea trade and colonies there is only one means, viz., Germany must have a fleet of such strength that even for the mightiest naval Power, a war with her would involve such risks as to jeopardise its own supremacy. For this purpose it is not absolutely necessary that the German Fleet should be as strong as that of the mightiest sea Power, because generally a great sea Power will not be in a position to concentrate all its forces against us.

In accordance with the policy declared in this way, Germany has, by successive Navy Acts, directly challenged our claim to possess such a Navy as shall ensure the command of the lines of communication between the different parts of the British Empire and act as a counterpoise to our military weakness. Of this fleet that Germany has provided, Mr. Balfour has said that by it "a tremendous weapon has been forged;

every year adds something to its efficiency and power; it is as formidable for purposes of aggression as for purposes of defence." Until quite recently the efforts of Germany were mainly directed towards forging the weapon, but by the new German Navy Act, the amending Act of 1912, an organisation and distribution of the fleet has been set up which is directed towards making the weapon ready for immediate use. This is the important point for the people of this country and of the Dominions to realise. It is not only the threat of her immense armaments, but the threat of using those armaments for aggressive purposes at what Mr. Churchill has called her "selected" moment. A new situation has been created, and one that can only be met by the timely and adequate expansion of our sea forces.

In a little work just published ("The Command of the Sea: Some Problems of Imperial Defence Considered in the Light of the German Navy Act, 1912," by Archibald Hurd. London: Chapman and Hall), the writer, who has given much thought to the question, and who, if he may be judged by his articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, is neither an alarmist nor a party man, sums up the matter in this way:

The maintenance of the Navy in a position absolutely assuring its ability to win the command of the sea must be the first care, not only of the people of

the United Kingdom, but of the peoples of the United Empire. We in the British Isles must keep ourselves free from entangling alliances in Europe, first because they would involve us in the military rivalries of continental Powers . . . and secondly because such alliances and their responsibilities would be an obstacle to closer imperial federation. . . . We cannot look to Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, with their fresh outlook, their virgin vigour, and their new problems, to mix themselves up in the old jealousies and quarrels of the continent of Europe. . . .

The future of Empire—closer union between ourselves and our kinsmen—and security lies in a splendid isolation—friendly relations with all countries which will be friendly and alliance with none. This is the path of true imperialism, which will lead us forth in good time a union of peaceful and freedom-loving peoples—masters of our own destinies, close partners with one another, and having in our command the sea communications which link together the Five Nations.

It would be a mistake to assume that we are a weaker naval Power to-day, either absolutely or relatively, than we have been in the past. We are enormously stronger relatively than all the other sea Powers together; but Germany, which a few years ago occupied an almost unimportant place, has now jumped to second in point of strength of the naval Powers, and if she is to continue to advance at the same rate without corresponding effort on our part, we shall indeed be in parlous state. How

Germany has advanced, her successive Navy Laws and the cumulative effect of her Acts are all fully described in Mr. Hurd's book. We have still a superiority, but that superiority is challenged not alone in ships, but in sea power, ships always manned, victualled, stored, trained and ready for action, ready at any selected moment to deliver a blow. It behoves us, therefore, to take such precautionary measures as that at our average moment we may be ready to hit back with every reasonable assurance of success.

In his presentation of the Navy Estimates, the First Lord

of the Admiralty, on March 18th, explained how it was proposed to meet this challenge of Germany by the provision of additional ships, with the officers and men to form their complements, and by a reorganisation and distribution of our forces so as to ensure that readiness and promptness of action upon which everything else depends. Mr. Churchill had already, in the Explanatory Memorandum to the Estimates, stated that, in the event of increases in the existing programmes of other naval Powers, it would be necessary to present Supplementary Estimates, both for men and money. He showed how, owing to our superiority in pre-Dreadnought ships, the position, so far as *matériel* was concerned, was satisfactory, but he added that if Germany developed an intention to add to her ship-building programme, it would be necessary for us to do the same, and the principle which he proposed was that of two keels to one. Come what may, he said, we shall at all costs maintain at least our present superiority. And then it was he gave the country this assurance:

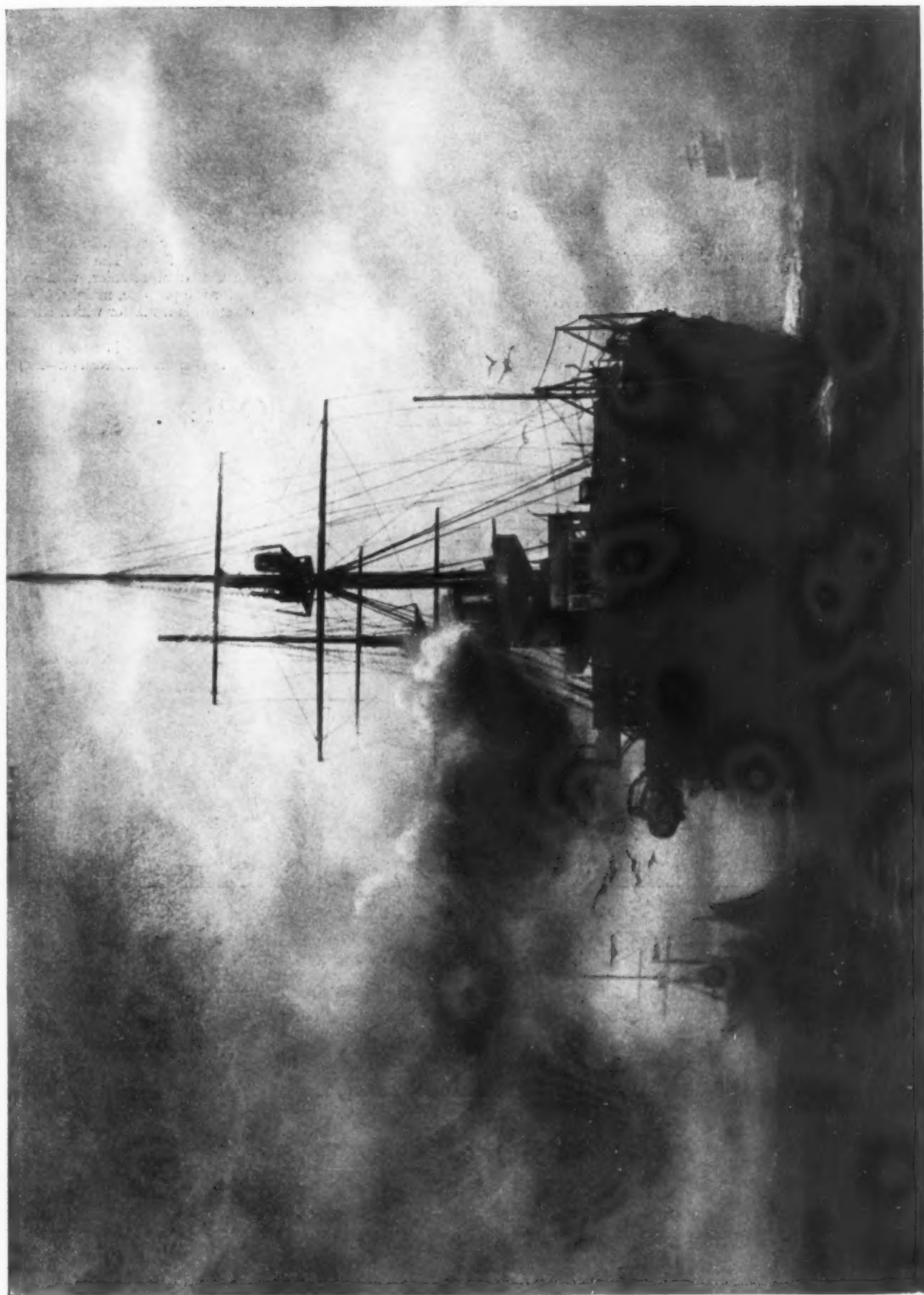
The Admiralty are prepared to guarantee absolutely the main security of the country and of the Empire day by day for the next few years, and if the House will grant us what we ask for in the future, that prospect may be indefinitely extended.



F. J. Mortimer.

FOR THE UNITED EMPIRE.

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A GUARDIAN OF HOME AND COMMERCE.

F. J. Mortimer.

Mr. Churchill has since announced his intention of presenting Supplementary Estimates for the Navy, and Mr. Asquith has stated that he will give a day for the purpose in the week beginning on July 15th. It is with the utmost interest, not altogether unalloyed with anxiety, that the country awaits this official pronouncement. It is not altogether due to the passing into law of the new German Navy Act that public attention has been directed to the vital problem of Imperial defence, but the question of the adequacy of our naval forces in the Mediterranean, as it is affected by the redistribution, and the problem of the co-operation of the Dominions in the task of naval defence, have also presented aspects of the matter of surpassing moment. In regard to the distribution of the fleet, and the change of base of the Mediterranean battle squadron from Malta to Gibraltar, an alarm has been created for which there seems to be insufficient cause. The Imperial view of the Mediterranean question was most ably stated by Sir George Clarke, now Governor of Bombay, as long ago as 1895, when he wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*:

In the unknown realms of the future lie many problems, whose solutions we cannot forecast. The ancient problem of the Mediterranean, however, is as clear as its blue waters. As it was solved in the past, so only can it be solved now and in the years to come. Pure reason and the long experience of great wars unite in pointing the way. National honour, splendid traditions and the eternal principles of naval strategy alike forbid us to desert our commerce, and that of our colonies, on three thousand miles of the element which we have been taught by successive generations of sea officers to call our own. If we abandon

the Mediterranean and hand over to our rivals the spoils of a great naval victory, without obliging them to fire a shot, we give to the world the sure signs of that madness which, in the affairs of men and nations, prefaces ruin.

It is entirely unlikely, then, that there is any real foundation for assuming that it is the intention of the authorities to abandon the Mediterranean. We have withdrawn our fleet from the Mediterranean for purposes of training, as we have done this year, many times before, and we have almost invariably sent it back stronger than ever. It is more than probable that we shall do so again; but in the meantime the actual strategical disposition of the ships can best be left to the Committee of Imperial Defence, which only last week held a meeting to discuss these problems, and at which there was present the strongest body of authoritative opinion on such problems that could be brought together. There was a special significance about the presence at this meeting of the two ex-First Sea Lords, Sir Arthur Wilson and Lord Fisher of Kilverstone.

Equally vital with the provision and organisation of ships is the settlement of the long-standing grievances of the officers and men, an essential precedent to increases in the personnel and the continued efficiency of the fleet. The presence in this country of Mr. Borden, the Canadian Premier, with so many of his Ministerial colleagues, for the purpose, mainly, of concerting measures of Imperial defence, is a matter which should not be overlooked.

[With this article it seemed most appropriate to show again the fine pictures of battleships that appeared in our Christmas Number.—ED.]

THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE.

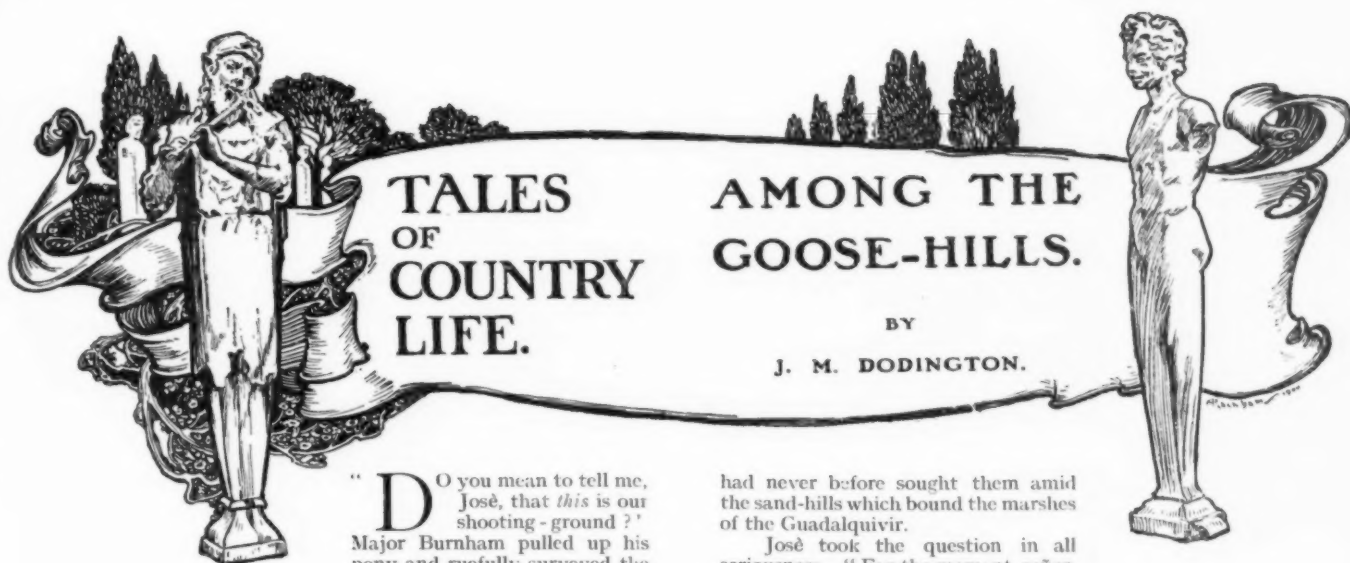


WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE.

DIFFICULT as it is for a king to make an intimate acquaintance with the actual lives and habits of his subjects, King George is likely to overcome the obstacle if, as has been intimated, the tour in Yorkshire is to be followed by similar journeys in other parts of the country. His host, Lord Fitzwilliam, has defined the character of the Royal visit to the West Riding in the clearest language. "He explained that it was the desire of the King to visit the country districts exclusively. His visit has been very properly called an industrial tour, and in the course of it he had opportunities of acquiring a first-hand knowledge of the lives led by miners, engineers and factory hands. These are all engaged in West Riding industries. The King had an opportunity of seeing for himself how coal is got in an "abnormal" place, and will thus have a clearer understanding of the conditions under which the minimum wage comes into operation. This is as it should be. We in England do not care for a ruler who lives in a world as remote as the gods of Lucretius, looking down from their high pedestal on an ill-used race of men and their enduring toil; we much prefer a king, like His Majesty who is proud to be one of us. Evidences of a broad human sympathy have not been wanting since the Coronation. In Wales the same determination to know something about humble life was made manifest, and the tours that have been planned in England are guided by the same principle. King George and Queen Mary could scarcely under any circumstances have selected a more typical part of the country they govern than the West Riding of Yorkshire. Even its physical

configuration is typically English, with its moors and fertile fields, its heights and hollows, its crowded scenes of activity and its wide agricultural areas. The house at which they stayed, Wentworth Woodhouse, is a magnificent example of an English home. It was described and illustrated in considerable detail in our issue of March 31st, 1906, when the history of the owners was set out at length. Earl Fitzwilliam himself is not a direct descendant of the Wentworths, but he comes of a family equally old. A great heiress of Yorkshire founded his house in the twelfth century, namely, Aubrey, daughter of Robert de Lisoures, lord of Sprotborough, son of Fulk de Lisoures, a lord of lands in Domesday Book. Her second husband was William, son of Godric, who was ancestor of all the Fitzwilliams of Sprotborough and the Woodhall, of Mablethorpe and Wadworth, Aldwark, Kingsley and Clayworth, Bentley and Sandby. The present Earl is a worthy representative of this lineage. He is famous as a sportsman and M.F.H. During the South African War he was attached to the Army Head-quarters' Staff, was named in despatches, and carried home the South African medal with five clasps and the D.S.O. He is very much interested in mines and engineering, and there is no one better qualified to show the King what is interesting in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

The loyalty of Yorkshire seemed to rise to its highest point of expression when the King mounted the ruined tower of Conisburgh Castle. Local tradition says no Sovereign had crossed its threshold since it was visited by King John nine years before he signed Magna Charta.



"DO you mean to tell me, José, that *this* is our shooting-ground?" Major Burnham pulled up his pony and ruefully surveyed the desolation of the scene that

lay before him. Ahead, as far as the eye could reach, stretched an arid wilderness of lofty sand-dunes.

No trace of vegetation—not so much as a blade of grass—the blazing sunshine reflected from the yellow expanse struck upon the eyeballs with an intolerable glare; at every puff of wind light eddies of sand drifted over the shifting surface.

"But assuredly, señor. Here the wild geese resort in great numbers."

"In Heaven's name, *why*? The most unlikely spot on the face of the earth!"

José drew himself up. "Nevertheless, the señor will find that it is as I say," he replied, and relapsed into haughty silence.

Major Burnham looked at the man for a moment, then drew his cigar-case from his pocket and passed it to him. "The nearest way to a Spaniard's heart," he murmured to himself.

"Gracias, señor." José accepted the *amende honorable* with impressive dignity. A little later he condescended to explain: "It is after this manner, señor. See you, it is necessary for the digestion of these birds that they swallow from time to time a little sand. Now in the marshes over yonder," he waved his arm towards the horizon, "there are in the dry autumn season *velas*, ridges covered with coarse grass, between the lagoons, and on them the creatures pick up broken shells, lime and what not. But now in the spring, when the floods are out, the *velas*, also, are completely covered by water. Therefore must the geese make expeditions here to obtain their digestive."

"I see." Major Burnham again contemplated the endless succession of sandy summits. "A fairly good choice of peaks they've got," he murmured.

"True, señor, but fortunately for us they are creatures of habit. On three of these hills, these and none other, do they constantly alight."

"Ah." The Major trusted that the scepticism of his tone was not too apparent.

"And now," pursued José, "I will go forward and dig the pit for the señor's reception to-morrow morning." He dismounted and put his pony's rein into the Major's hand. "At least a score of hours in advance must it be dug, otherwise these evil ones, with the cunning of their father, the devil, perceive the darkness of the new-turned sand and avoid the spot."

Pitch dark, and an icy wind sweeping up from the marshes. Major Burnham put his head through the square hole which served as a window to his dilapidated cubicle and shivered. It was a good hour and a-half's ride from the little posada to the goose-hills, and José had decreed that six was the latest possible hour at which the señor could take up his position in the carefully-prepared pit. At no time particularly inviting, the country which lies around the marshlands of the Guadalquivir is dreary beyond belief at 4.30 a.m., and the Englishman anathematised it heartily as the ponies stumbled and scrambled through the chilly darkness.

Through the folds of his heavy cloak José from time to time dropped words of sage advice. "The señor will remember not to shoot until they are within thirty yards or so. Also must he bear in mind that with so large a creature the rate of speed is easily mistaken; in truth, they travel much more swiftly than the señor will suppose. And he will be careful to replace the decoys as speedily as may be with the bodies of the slain, propped up in such a manner as to seem alive. For when the full sunlight falls upon the decoys they have an unreal appearance, and the birds become suspicious."

"Not such geese as they look," murmured the Major.

"Also," José continued, unheeding, "above all must the señor remember to gather in the dead at once. Otherwise when the next flight arrives they will observe the corpses scattered about and will instantly turn away."

"Anything else?" grunted the Major. For this was by no means the first occasion on which he had shot greylags, though he

had never before sought them amid the sand-hills which bound the marshes of the Guadalquivir.

José took the question in all seriousness. "For the moment, señor, I can think of no further instructions," he said, slowly and meditatively. "Naturally it goes without saying that in his hiding-place the señor must maintain the strictest silence."

"Mayn't I even whistle?"

José turned his head sharply and threw a glance of haughty suspicion upon his employer. Then he muffled his head more closely in his mantle and relapsed into determined silence. In silence he reined in his pony at the bottom of a narrow ravine and signed to Major Burnham to dismount. In silence he tied up the animals to the trunk of a stunted ilex and led the way onward on foot. It was heavy walking over the soft, loose sand; despite the chill air, the Major's brow was moist before they arrived at the appointed station.

The henchman at last broke silence. "Here, señor, is the pit. It will be well to enter quickly, for soon the dawn will break."

Cautiously the Major descended into the hole while José arranged the decoys to his satisfaction. Returning, "And now, señor," he said, "I depart and take my place on a distant knoll. Thence I can mark where the wounded birds fall, and later we can retrieve them."

Left to himself, the Major examined the construction of his shelter. Dug in the lee of a small bluff, the sand which had been removed was carefully packed to form a rampart around the opening. On every side loomed the dark dunes, overhead in the night sky the stars yet glimmered palely. How still it was! The ticking of the watch in the Major's waistcoat pocket broke, unnaturally loud, through the profound silence. Presently he became aware of a small sibilant whisper, the faintest, ghostliest thread of a sound. It was the tiny eddies of swirling sand drifting against his rampart. Slowly the minutes passed, gradually the sky above lightened, one by one the stars flickered out.

"The dawn at last, thank goodness!" breathed the Major, and in the moment of uttering the words, faint and far from the distance came a sound which set his heart beating thick and fast.

"Gaggle, gaggle, gaggle—honk, honk, honk." Nearer, louder. Half-a-dozen huge bodies circled round, seeking the place to alight.

Bang! The great outspread wings flapped on, unscathed. "Dash it! Too far back!"

Bang! At the second discharge a bird stopped dead, turned over and over in the air and fell with a mighty thump upon the sand. The other five vanished into the ewigkeit. The Major clambered cautiously out of his pit and retrieved his slain.

An interval of intense silence—ever stronger, clearer grew the light. "Gaggle, gaggle, gaggle"—again came the welcome sound. This time the Major's nerves were steady, his judgment true, and a right and left brought two great birds spread-eagled on the sand.

Mindful of the disillusioning effect of sunlight upon his decoys, the Major propped up his dead in their place. The morning wore on, at regular intervals came the bands, and of each the watcher took toll. At last the flight ceased, sport for the time being was over. The Major looked at his watch. "Half-past eight—and there are still the cripples to pick up." He became aware of a great hunger and an even greater thirst. Meanwhile he counted his spoil. "Fifteen—not so dusty, by Jove!"

"My congratulations, señor." From among the sand-hills José appeared. "Now we seek out those which I have marked down." And an hour's tramp back and forth among the dunes added four more birds to the bag.

As the ponies toiled gallantly homeward, in a belt of thick scrub the sportsmen came suddenly upon a band of swarthy ruffians seated round a fire of crackling thorns. They looked up and scowled blackly as the Major approached.

"Have a care, señor," José murmured. "These are fellows who from time to time make a few pesetas by wildfowling, and they will see themselves defrauded by the señor's success. Per Dios! it will be well if we pass without a shot whistling about our ears."

But the Englishman rode into the midst of the group. "Amigos," he smiled, pleasantly, "fortune, as you see, has this

morning favoured me. Truly my ponies have more than they can carry without undue fatigue. Will you honour me by accepting a few birds?"

Instantly the black brows cleared. And when the gift was followed by the passing round of the Major's flask of aguardiente

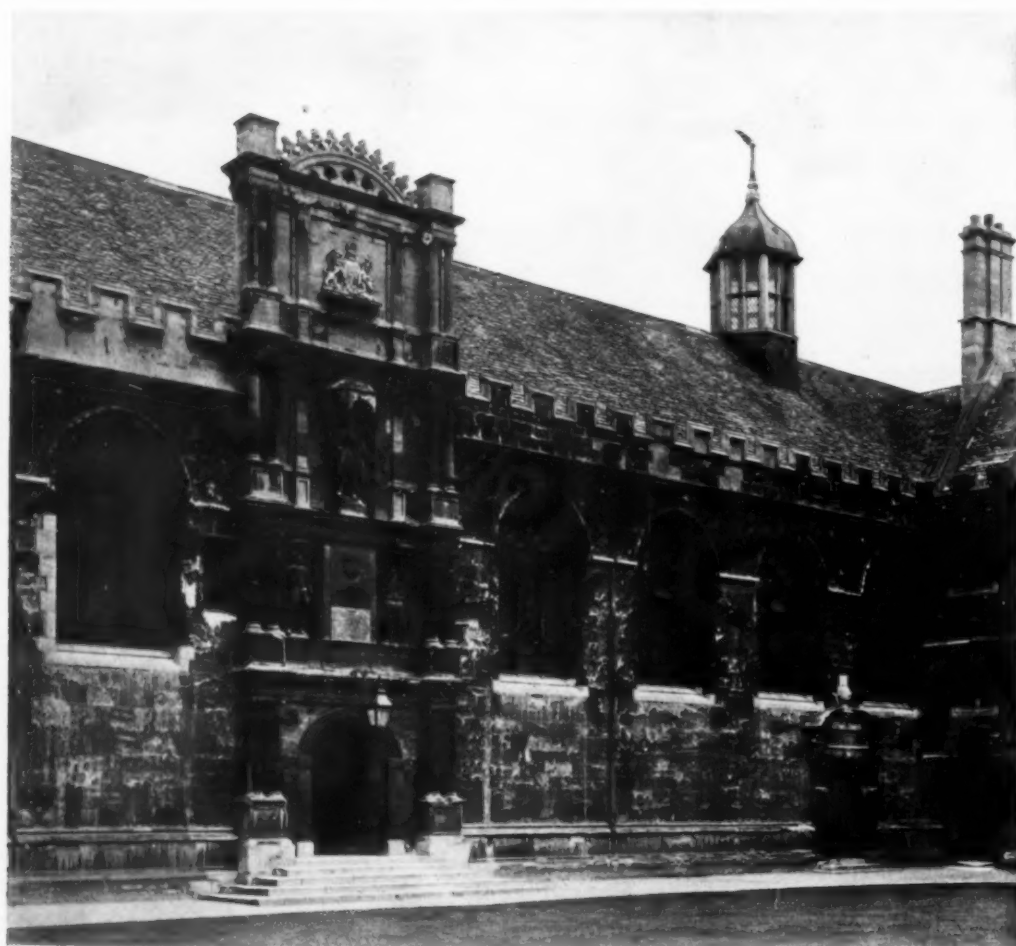
and the sharing of the Major's few remaining cigars, it became evident, even to José's sceptical mind, that the Englishman had been adopted as a friend and comrade, and was henceforth free to pursue to his heart's content the greylags which frequent the goose-hills of the Guadalquivir.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.—I.

ON July 15th, 1662, the Charter of the Royal Society passed the Great Seal; and as two centuries and a-half have passed since the foundation of this great institution, the council have arranged an imposing programme of proceedings to commemorate this remarkable event. The real commencement of the society occurred some years before this; and probably no institution has had for its founders so wonderful a body of eminent men. Several great discoverers may be said to have been the precursor of this body; thus William Gilbert (1540-1603), the father of terrestrial magnetism, and William Harvey (1573-1657), the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, formed social assemblies of like-minded men of science, and Thomas Hariot (1560-1621), the rival of Galileo, showed what he

of the Royal Society, although he wrote in 1667, was incorrect in his account of its origin. Dr. Wallis, a better authority, subsequently gave a more accurate account of the first meetings. About the year 1645 Dr. John Wilkins, Dr. Wallis and other eminent men more or less connected with Gresham College, met together in London "to consider and discuss philosophical subjects." These meetings "were held sometimes in Goddard's lodgings in Wood Street on account of his keeping an operator in his house for grinding glasses for telescopes," and sometimes in Gresham College. This was the Invisible or Philosophical College of the Hon. Robert Boyle. Dr. Seth Ward credited Goddard with being the first Englishman to make telescopes; but we have already seen that he is entirely wrong in this statement. Hariot's MSS. had been lost for many years, and were only discovered at the end of the eighteenth century.

Between 1648 and 1651 several of the philosophers removed to Oxford; Dr. Wilkins became Warden of Wadham College in 1648; Dr. Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry in 1649; and Dr. Goddard, Warden of Merton in 1651. The London members continued to meet as before, but the Oxford members met in Petty's lodgings in the house of an apothecary for the convenience of inspecting drugs until 1652, when he went to Ireland. In 1652 the meetings were held at Wadham Lodge, and, under the guidance of the popular Warden, the members were particularly active. When, in 1659, Dr. Wilkins left Oxford for Cambridge, on his appointment as Master of Trinity, the meetings were held in the lodgings of the Hon. Robert Boyle, who had resided at Oxford since 1654. About this time most of the Oxford members came to London, and the two bodies were again united at Gresham College, until the anarchy of the end of the year 1659 and beginning of 1660, when the place of meeting was filled with soldiers and the philosophers were scattered. The remaining members at Oxford continued to meet there for some years after the Royal Society was founded.

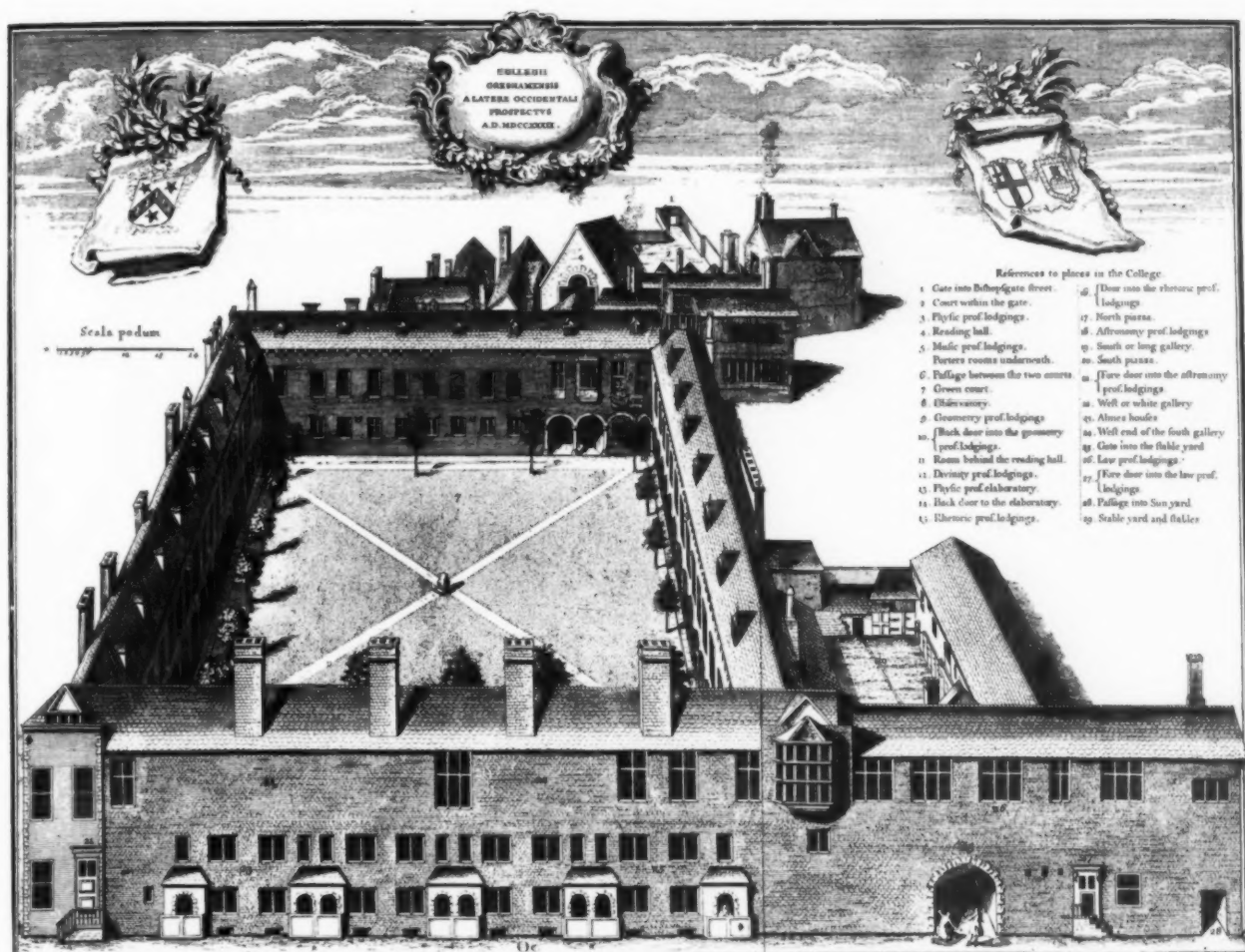


WADHAM COLLEGE, AN EARLY MEETING-PLACE.

could do for the advancement of astronomy when he "manufactured and traded in telescopes from 1609 to 1621," and between 1610 and 1612 used the telescope for a series of observations on "the new-found planets about Jupiter." It was, however, Bacon (1561-1626) who set in motion the scientific revolution, when he proceeded to create a new system of philosophy to replace that of Aristotle and exhibited in the fragment entitled "New Atlantis" "a model or description of a College instituted for the interpreting of Nature and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of man, under the name of Solomon's House or the College of the Six Days' Works."

The foundation was thus laid, and the disturbed condition of the nation brought the thinkers together, who, while much was occurring in political life, met to consult among themselves, and so prepared the way for the great things which were to happen in the near future. Dr. Sprat, the earliest historian

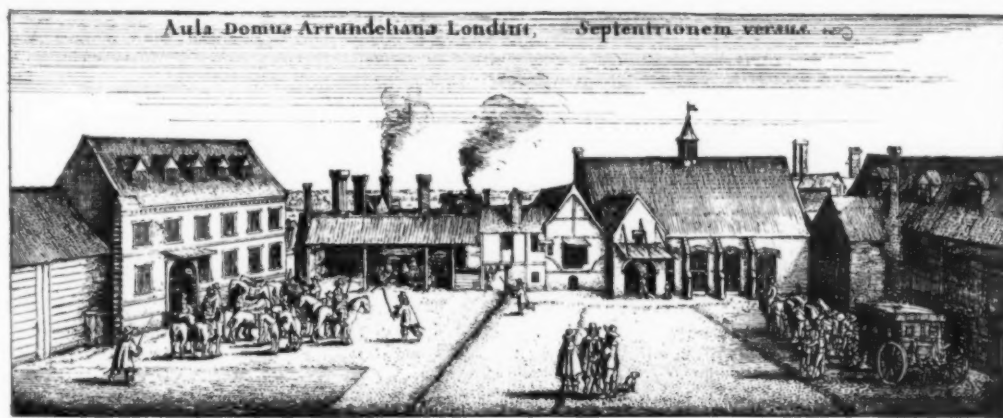
Soon after the restoration of an established Government, meetings were resumed, and on November 28th, 1660, at the end of Christopher Wren's lecture at Gresham College, those of the audience who were interested in the subject withdrew to Dr. Rooke's apartment, and then and there set to work to found "a college for the promoting of physico-mathematical experimental learning." It was agreed "that the company would continue their meetings at three of the clock in the afternoon in term-time, at Mr. Rooke's chamber at Gresham College, and in the vacation, at that of Mr. Balled in the Temple; and that towards the defraying of occasional expenses, everyone should, at his first admission, pay down ten shillings, and besides, engage to pay one shilling weekly, whether present or absent, while he should please to keep his relation to the company." It appears to me to be an interesting instance of continuity in the matter in regard to this payment that when I was appointed Clerk to the Royal Society in 1861 there were about a dozen



GRESHAM COLLEGE, THE FIRST HOME OF THE SOCIETY.

of the Fellows on the list who still paid the original subscription of two pounds twelve shillings. At the same meeting "Dr.

Wilkins was appointed to the chair, Mr. Balle to be treasurer, and Mr. Croune, though absent, was named register." At the

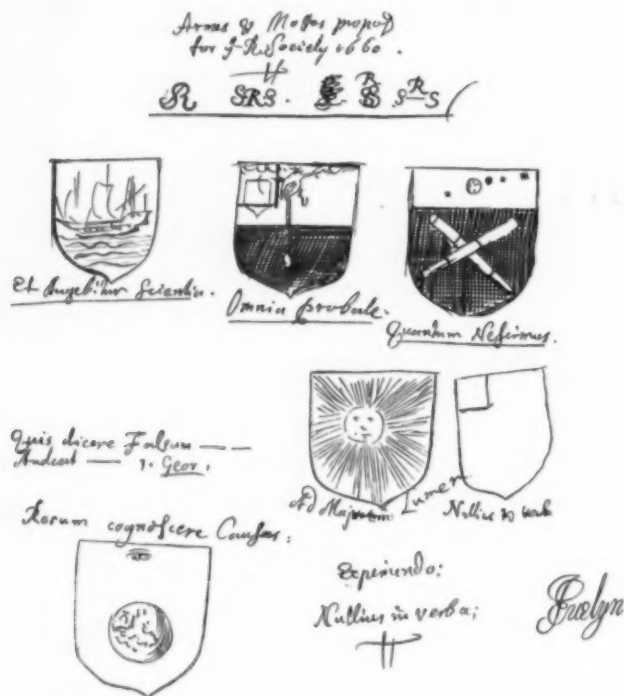
ARUNDEL HOUSE, A MEETING-PLACE AFTER THE FIRE.
From Hollar's Etchings.

next meeting, on December 5th, Sir Robert Moray, who was on very intimate terms with Charles II., brought word "that the King had been acquainted with the design of the meeting, and well approved of it, and would be ready to give an encouragement to it." It was said at this time that Scotland was governed by three men—the King, the Duke of Lauderdale and Sir Robert Moray. At the meeting on December 12th the number of members was fixed at fifty-five, "the quorum of the society to be nine for all matters except the business of election," when at least twenty-one members were to be present. It was resolved that the standing officers of the society be three—a president or director, a treasurer and a register, and that the president be chosen monthly.

For a little less than two years the society continued to hold weekly meetings, although it had no definite name; but when the first charter was obtained, the society became known as the Royal Society. John Evelyn suggested this name in 1661, and Charles II. expressed his full approval of the suggestion.

The Royal Society was instituted by a small body of

men of great intellectual power, and all were of considerable note in their own time. Gresham College had grown to be a foremost school of science and learning, and its professors entered into the new movement with energy and enthusiasm. Much of



EVELYN'S SUGGESTIONS FOR A COAT-OF-ARMS.

interest might be said of them, but there is only room to make note of a few. Sir Robert Moray was one of the most influential of the founders, as may be seen from the fact that most of the King's favours to the society were communicated through him. He was a soldier, a statesman and an accomplished man. He had the interest of the society very much at heart, and his devotion to them was greatly appreciated by his fellow-members. He was frequently chosen as monthly president before the incorporation by Royal Charter. St. Andrew's Day (November 30th) was chosen for the anniversary in honour of Moray, owing to St. Andrew being the patron saint of his native country—Scotland. It was the custom to wear a cross on St. Andrew's Day. Evelyn has an entry in his Diary on November 30th, 1663: "The anniversary of our Society. . . . each Fellow wore a St. Andrew's cross of ribbon on the crown of his hat." Pepys bought a cross on November 30th, 1668, to set on his hat as the other Fellows did; it cost him two shillings. Two years before he has a very amusing note on the custom unconnected with the society. He writes: "To White Hall. . . . pretty to see, it being St. Andrew's day, how some few did wear St. Andrew's cross, but most did make a mockery at it, and the House of Parliament, contrary to practice did sit also: people having no mind to observe the Scotch saints' days till they hear better news from Scotland." John Aubrey relates that on one occasion he said he should have preferred St. George or St. Isidore (a philosopher canonised) to St. Andrew, but Sir William Petty answered, "No, I would rather have had it on St. Thomas's day," for he would not believe till he had seen. Moray was called by his correspondent Huyghens "the soul of the Royal Society." He died in 1673 at Whitehall, and was buried in Westminster Abbey at the expense of the King, who was much attached to him.

Robert Boyle and John Evelyn were two of the most prominent Fellows, but each of them refused persistently the office of president, although both were devoted to the society.

Dr. John Wilkins, as we have already seen, took a very important part in the foundation of the Royal Society, and owing to his influence a considerable number of the early Fellows were connected with Wadham College. One of these was his half-brother, Dr. Walter Pope, Gresham professor of astronomy. Wilkins was frequently chosen president for the month, and after the charter was granted, by which two secretaries took the place of "one register," he became one of these. In 1668 he was made Bishop of Chester. Two great geniuses—Christopher Wren and Robert Hooke, original members—were always ready to enlighten the meetings at the shortest notice with remarkable experiments. Wren is so familiarly known to us as the great architect that we are too apt to overlook his supreme qualities as a man of science, and we have to recall the praise of the great Isaac Barrow, who spoke of him in 1662 "as a boy—a prodigy, now as a man, a miracle, nay, even something superhuman." He was elected in 1680 as the third president of the Royal Society.

Robert Hooke's mechanical genius was unique, and so universal in its productions that he, unfortunately, left many valuable inventions incomplete, and he was so lavish in his valuable suggestions that he was too apt to suppose that others had robbed him of his ideas. He was appointed curator in 1662, when he undertook "to furnish the Society every day they meet, with three or four considerable experiments, expecting no recompense till the Society get a stock enabling them to give it." In 1665 he was elected curator "for perpetuity, with a salary of £30 a year *pro tempore*." He was elected secretary in 1677, and continued in office until 1682.

We learn from Evelyn's Diary that after the completion of the first Charter the Council and Fellows, on August 29th, 1662, "went in a body to White-hall to acknowledge his Majesty's royal grace in granting our charter, and vouchsafing to be himself our Founder when the President (Lord Brouncker) made an eloquent speech, to which his Majesty gave a gracious reply, and we all kissed his hand. Next day we went in like manner with our address to my Lord Chancellor (Lord Clarendon), who had much promoted our patent: he received us with extraordinary favour." Sir Heneage Finch, Solicitor-General, refused the fees to which he was entitled for signing the docket of the bill prepared by him, and a committee waited upon him to present him with the thanks of the society. A second Charter was obtained, and signed on April 22nd, 1663. It had been found that the first Charter, although sufficient as a patent of incorporation, failed to give the society necessary privileges. These were supplied in the second Charter, which retains all the clauses of incorporation in the first Charter.

Evelyn sketched some designs or suggestions for a coat-of-arms of the Royal Society. They consist of five shields with proposed mottoes, and are signed "J. Evelyn." The coats are allegorical and not heraldic. The shields are as follows: (1) Vessel under sail (*et agebitur scientia*),



ARMS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.



EVELYN'S EMBLEMATIC PICTURE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.



BUST OF CHARLES II.

canton of the arms of England; the supporters two talbots argent; crest an eagle *or* holding a shield with the like arms of England viz. 3 lions. The words *Nullius in verba*. It was presented to his Majesty for his approbation and orders given to Garter King at Arms to pass the diploma of their office for it." Evelyn designed a very fine plate of the society, which was engraved by Hollar, and placed in the large paper copies of Sprat's History. This very rare plate is here reproduced. It will be seen that the bust of Charles II. crowned by Fame stands on a pedestal inscribed "Carolus II. Societatis

Regalis Author & Patronus." Bacon sits on the right hand, and is described as "Artium Instaurator," and on the left is seated Lord Viscount Brouncker, described as "Societatis

Præses." Above are the society's arms. This plate is of special interest as exhibiting Evelyn's appreciation of Bacon's great work of inaugurating the revival of science and the arts. Evelyn, in a letter to Wotton on Robert Boyle, shows that he was not a blind follower of Bacon, for he writes of Boyle: "Never did stubborn matter come under his inquisition but he extorted a confession of all that lay in her most intimate recesses; and what he discovered he as faithfully registered and frankly communicated; in this exceeding my Lord Verulam, who (though never to be mentioned without honour and admiration) was used to tell all that came to hand without much examination. His was probability; Mr. Boyle success."

Two of the most interesting of the possessions of the Royal Society are the mace given by Charles II. and the Charter Book, which contains the signatures of the Fellows from the founder, Charles II., to the last elected member. When a stranger attends a meeting he is struck by the fact that just as a sitting of the House of Commons cannot take

place until the mace is upon the table, so in order that the proceedings of the Royal Society may be regular, its mace must be put upon the table. This was long supposed to be "the bauble" that Cromwell ordered away from the House of Commons, and the publisher of one

(2) hand holding a plumb-line (*omnia probate*), (3) two telescopes (*quantum nescimus*), (4) sun in his splendour (*ad majorem lumen*), (5) terrestrial globe with human eye in chief (*rerum cognoscere causas*). A slight outline sketch of the granted arms, with the motto "Nullius in verba," is added. The illustration is taken from C. J. Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities, 1852." These suggestions became useless when the King did the society the great honour of allowing it to bear the arms of England in a canton.

Evelyn records in his Diary (August 17th, 1662): "We now resolved that the arms of the Society should be a field argent, with a



THE MACE GIVEN BY CHARLES II

of the Waverley Novels went so far as to illustrate "Woodstock" with an engraving of the bauble taken from this mace. The society's mace, which is silver-gilt, weighs one hundred and ninety ounces avoirdupois. It was made in accordance with Royal Warrant, and was received from the Master of the Jewel House in August 1663. By the Charter the society is given permission to have two sergeants-at-mace to attend upon the president. Here are two objects—the mace and the Charter Book—which are still in constant use.

When London was destroyed by the Great Fire, Gresham College, having escaped, was required for municipal purposes, and, it being needful for the Royal Society to find another habitation, Henry Howard of Norfolk, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, offered Arundel House in the Strand for this purpose. The society stayed at this house for several years, but in 1673 it was invited back to Gresham House. Cosmo III., on his visit to this country, went to a meeting of the Royal Society at that

place. The Grand Duke describes the orderliness of the company, and tells us how they observed the ceremony of speaking to the president uncovered, waiting from him for permission to be

covered. The porter acted as mace-bearer and walked before the president.

The one aim of the founders of the Royal Society was to take nothing for granted, and their watchword was "Prove all things." Although science was the main pursuit of the chief members, all men of intelligence were supposed to be interested in the principal sciences, and all who would help on the cause were welcomed. The society early turned their attention to the important question of the improvement of the English language, and a committee was formed to consider the subject, upon which we find the names of Dryden, Waller, Evelyn, Godolphin, Sprat, Southwell, Williamson and Matthew Wren; but little was done, and the members of the committee probably soon found that academic treatment of words in the way of adoption and rejection is seldom successful. Evelyn made some sensible suggestions in a letter to Sir Cyril Wyche, chairman of the committee, which, however, were not carried out. They were the compilation of a grammar and dictionary, and the systematic curtailment of superfluous letters. In an address given about 1664, Wren stated that the objects to which he recommended the society to devote its energies could be classed under three heads, viz., knowledge, profit and convenience of life, which formed a pretty wide outlook. Many most important enquiries were set on foot by the chief Fellows, but some did not seem to lead to any results, and gave ground for satirists to criticise. Butler wrote verses on "the Elephant in the Moon," and Cowley, urged by Evelyn, indited an ode to the Royal Society.

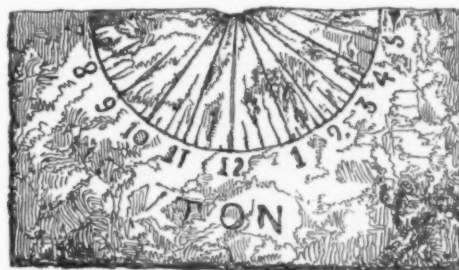
HENRY B. WHEATLEY.



S. PEPYS, P.R.S., AFTER HAYLS.



FIRST REFLECTING TELESCOPE BY NEWTON.



SUNDIAL MADE BY NEWTON WHEN A BOY.

*Mrs. G. A. Barton.*

YOUTH

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Mrs. G. A. Barton.

AND HAPPINESS.

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THE interest of Kinross House extends far beyond the stately building which represents at its best the art of Sir William Bruce, its architect and first owner. The estate on which it stands includes Loch Leven, beloved of anglers, and its island with the castle where Mary Queen of Scots languished a prisoner in 1567-68. The story of Sir William Bruce, of whose life and work something was told in the articles on Holyrood and Balcaskie, will then be reasonably complete as far as the somewhat scanty materials allow. As we stand in the garden and look out across the loch to the island castle, the personality of Bruce seems to

fade, and Queen Mary commands our thoughts. It was here that the abdication of the Scottish throne was wrung from her. Here she tasted first the bitter fruits of the sacrifices she had made in turn for Darnley and Bothwell. At Lochleven, as Mr. Lang writes, "in the narrow chambers of the tower on the islet, she could draw breath, and know herself deserted, stripped of everything, insulted and in peril of death, all for a little of dear-bought love."

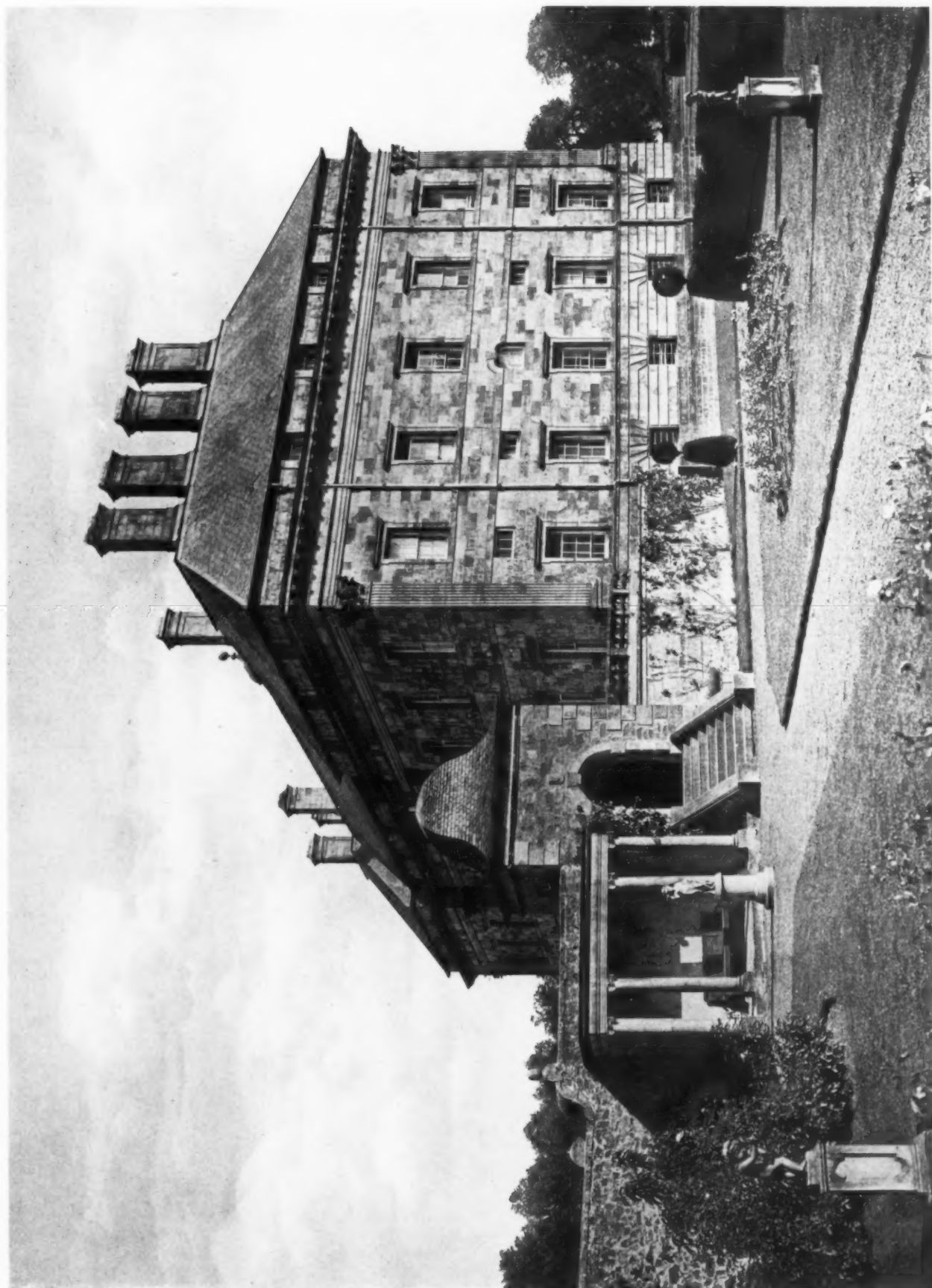
The castle first took a notable place in history in 1334, when Sir Alan de Vipont gallantly withstood its siege by the Earl of Athol's men for King David II. It was then a

Royal fortress, but became later a hold of the Douglasses. In 1540 the third Earl of Morton, a childless cripple, was dispossessed of his title and lands by James V. in favour of Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven. Robert was a man of his hands, and able to do the King vigorous service; but the latter soon tired of him. The Laird of Lochleven was only a cat's-paw in the hands of James, and he was glad to surrender his favours a year later, lest, trying to retain them, he should lose his head and Lochleven. When Robert fell at the Battle of Pinkie in 1547, his son, Sir William Douglas, succeeded to the estates. As Robert's wife had been James the fifth's mistress, and bore him a son, known to history as James Stuart, Earl of Murray and Regent of Scotland, Sir William was closely connected with Queen Mary and the Regent. He seems to have stood for Murray and against the Queen in the troubles following the Darnley marriage in 1565. It was at Lochleven that Murray skulked in that year, feigning sickness and fearing Rizzio's dagger. The next two years he spent ingloriously, willing to wound, yet afraid to strike, privy to Rizzio's death, perhaps foreknowing Darnley's, a mysterious figure. In April of 1567 this prudent man—Pecksniff and Tartuffe he has been called—went to France and left the tragedy to develop. Later in the month came Bothwell's abduction of Mary and their marriage three days after. June 15th saw the fiasco of Carberry Hill, when Bothwell saved himself by flight, and Mary fell into the hands of the Scottish lords, with Murray



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KINROSS HOUSE SEEN THROUGH THE FISH GATE. "COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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THE GARDEN AND LOCH LEVEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the background. To Holyrood she was led next day by an escort which bore a banner, and thereon a painting of Darnley's murder. That night Mary was carried to Lochleven. Lindsay visited the unhappy Queen in her island

prison, and extorted an abdication from her in favour of her infant child, and Murray was appointed Regent. In August, Murray returned to Scotland and visited her at Lochleven. She was in his power, and driven to beg him to accept the Regency.



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IN THE WALLED GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

He played the hypocrite, denounced Darnley's murder and treated the unhappy woman to some lay sermons. With William Douglas for her gaoler, he doubtless felt all would go well; but he counted without her charms, never more brilliantly employed than when all seemed black and hopeless.

The atmosphere had changed since her visit four years earlier, when she varied the pleasures of hawking by some clever fencing with John Knox, which made him sullen and resentful. The castle was still nominally the property of Margaret Douglas, the mother of Sir William Douglas, Mary's gaoler. Another son, George, and a youth of ambiguous origin, called William Douglas, also lived there with her. Mary occupied a room on the ground floor, where she was meanly attended and ill-provided with the comforts of life. Her secretary, Nau, said that soon after she arrived an attempt was made to poison her, but it failed. George Douglas — "gentilhomme de bon cœur," Nau calls him — hated the Regent Murray and was fascinated by Mary. He had scruples about deceiving his gaoler brother, but overcame them. He carried a letter from Mary to Lord Seton, and it seems that his mother (Scott's "Lady of Lochleven") was in the plot. However, William found out, sent him away, and even fired at him while he waited on the shores of Loklevyngh (the pleasant spelling is Nau's) waiting to get in touch with Mary. The Laird's niece and daughter always slept with the Queen and watched her movements, but the young William managed to carry messages between Mary and George Douglas.

After many excursions and alarms, including a foiled

attempt by Mary on March 25th to escape in clothes she changed with a laundress, Mary, with the aid of George Douglas and young William, escaped on the evening of May 2nd, 1568. George was in a "phantasy of love" with her. It has been suggested that she promised to marry him, without any intention of doing so once she was free, but this slander may be dismissed. The story of Mary at Lochleven is told by Scott in *The Abbot*, but the novelist overcomes the historian, and there is no mention of young William Douglas, unless we may identify him with Roland Graeme. Once escaped from Lochleven, Mary passes out of our story.

On January 2nd, 1570, the Earl of Northumberland found himself a prisoner in the castle and occupied Mary's old rooms. He had been drawn into the unfolding tragedy of the Duke of Norfolk's attempted marriage to Mary. Some English Catholic lords had risen in futile fashion against Elizabeth in the North of England, but their courage failed. Northumberland was betrayed by Hector Armstrong and sent to Lochleven. He remained a prisoner until 1572, when William Douglas sold him for two thousand pounds in gold to Lord Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth's man. Even the Earl of Morton was distressed, a man with a gift for murder and treachery, but with the saving grace of courage. Northumberland was beheaded without undue delay. Once more Lochleven witnessed a tragedy.

In 1578 Lochleven had another visitor, driven there in evil case. It was the Regent Morton, who held that office from 1572 to 1578, and was deposed in the latter year without



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ATLAS IN LEAD.

"C.L."

a struggle. He wrote to William Douglas of Lochleven: "I wald be at that point myself, to have nathing ado now bot to leif quietlie, to serve my God and the King my maister." To his kinsman's castle he then retired, and spent his leisure in laying out "a fayre garden with allayis," all traces of which have long since disappeared. Meanwhile, his correspondent, William of Lochleven, had been pursuing his quarrels with

We may now leave the history of its early owners and give some description of the house itself, with the help of our illustrations. That Sir William Bruce was wedded to the use of definite proportions in all his work is suggested by the shape in which he laid out the grounds of his house; they form a double square six hundred and fifty feet broad and thirteen hundred feet long. The house stands almost in the middle, and



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GARDEN PIERS AND VASES.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

varying success, and ten years later became eighth Earl of Morton (when the Maxwell Earl lost the title.) We must pass over the other owners of Lochleven till we get to the eleventh Earl, who was one of the Duke of Lauderdale's opponents when he ruled Scotland like an autocrat in 1673-74. He it was who sold Kinross and Lochleven to Sir William Bruce, and there our present interest in the Mortons ends.

divides the formal garden from the great forecourt. Though the proportions of the house are not particularly good, the treatment is dignified. Bruce was very well served by the craftsmen whom he employed, and some information about them remains. Possibly the man in chief charge of the work was James Smith, who was Overseer of His Majesty's Works at the time, and an architect by profession. Born between 1646 and 1650,

Smith had been successful enough by 1689 to purchase the estate of Whitehill and other lands, and important enough to receive a grant of arms. After the passing of the Act of Union in 1707, many of the minor offices of the Scottish Court were abolished, but James Smith, though not called Surveyor-General, was appointed to the same work under the title of Supervisor, and had the charge of all the Royal castles and palaces in Scotland. His son-in-law, Gilbert Smith, was made Master-Mason in 1715, and James died about 1729.

There is no definite evidence to connect him with Kinross, but he was son-in-law to Robert Mylne, who was then King's Master-Mason, and Bruce's relations with Mylne had been intimate and long. Moreover, two of the sundials on the walls at Kinross were carved between April 14th and June 24th, 1686, by a mason named John Hamilton, who was in James Smith's service. It may be that the latter did no more than lend him to Bruce, and the connection of Smith with Kinross is nothing more than a guess. The great gate of "curious architecture" at the principal entrance from the town was evidently the first work done, because Tobias Buchop of Alloa, contractor for the chief part of the mason-work, delivered a timber model of it to Sir William in 1684. The summer-houses in the garden were built by a local man, James Anderson, who also hewed the bases for the gate-pillars, the globes, etc. During 1686, two Dutch stone-carvers, by name Peter Paul Boyse



Copyright LOCHLEVEN CASTLE: QUEEN MARY'S PRISON. "C.L."

and Cornelias Van Nerven, were employed at Kinross for three months, and went from there to Drumlanrig Castle. It seems reasonable to attribute to them the very delightful and vigorous carving on the Fish Gate at the south end of the garden, and the medallions with monograms and trophies of fruit, which form so beautiful a feature of the little square pavilions on the entrance front.

It may be also that they carved the handsome stone vases on the piers in the garden. The writer is indebted to Dr. Ross for these details of the craftsmen.

Our first view shows the garden front of the house framed in the opening of the Fish Gate. In another picture are seen the flanking piers of this gateway, surmounted by boys riding great dolphins. The garden as it is to-day has been rescued from the neglect of eighty years by Sir Basil Montgomery, who since 1902 has been tireless in renewing its ancient beauties. The outlines remained, but cattle used to find pasture where now are smooth lawns and trim hedges, and the Cupids which now bring their graces to adorn the gardens have been added. The leaden Atlas has had a chequered history. It was sold with the furniture of the house ninety years ago. The local baker bought it, with intent to melt it down. When he found the figure was hollow, instead of solid, the threatened destruction did not seem worth while, and Atlas was saved. Thirty years later it was bought back by the agent of the Kinross estate, and was thus enabled to take its place once more in the garden.

As is often the case with Scottish Renaissance houses of this period and later, the most attractive details are those which are markedly national in their flavour, and the little square pavilions, with their ogee roofs, are of most graceful proportion. The general plan of the garden is well shown by the bird's-eye view taken from the balcony on the south side of the house. Beyond the Fish Gate is the island with its castle.

Kinross House is important because it set the fashion in Scotland for country houses in the manner of the full Renaissance, but it did more. William Adam, a native of Kinross and the father



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ONE OF THE FORECOURT PAVILIONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the famous Brothers Adam, was a *protégé* of Bruce. From him he doubtless learnt the art which was to bring wealth and reputation. Moreover, he brought up his children at Blair Adam, only four miles from Kinross House, which was thus their earliest source of architectural knowledge. Though William Adam was only twenty-one when Bruce died in 1710, he evidently nourished a great regard for his master. The world seems to have regarded him as Bruce's professional successor, for he carried out the latter's designs for Hopetoun House, modifying them considerably, however, when it came to building.

L. W.

ANIMAL-LIFE IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

IT is, of course, a matter for wonder that any life can exist in the desert at all. The absence of water and vegetation, and the scarcity of even insects, seem to make it impossible for any living thing that subsists by eating and drinking to survive. The arid, barren wastes of sand and stone and mud could not support a mouse, much less a larger animal. There is not even a shred of moss or lichen anywhere, and at first, when one sees the small isolated plants and thorny shrubs, the wee coloured flowers, and the occasional little sprouts of spear grass known to the Bedouin as "Ithmum" and "Dahram," one seeks in vain for an explanation of their growth. That explanation is not easily found. There is heavy dew at night, and no doubt they make the most of the very rare bursts of rain, which, when they come, make waterfalls of every ridge and roll the boulders noisily down the narrow gully beds. But the water sinks into the dry soil as into a thirsty sponge; none of it remains on the surface. The denudation in these torrential downfalls of the winter months is very great, but the benefit to the scanty plant-life must be small enough. Yet along the bottom of every valley may be seen, not infrequently, the little thorny shrubs the camels eat; and perhaps, like their devourers, they have a special means of storing moisture for future use.

But, when it comes to animal-life, the wonder is far greater. Presumably the gazelles, the foxes, the jackals, hares, hyenas

and the little jerbils, whose footsteps in the sand (sometimes, too, whose skeletons) one finds, know, even better than the Bedouins, the exact spots where the pools of water hide at such great distances apart. At any rate, the travellers' notes of the animal and bird life they have encountered in these parched and desolate solitudes are full of interest and—surprise. At a stone's throw from Helouan one thinks, of course, life stops short. Instead, it is just beginning. The silent desert is full of life. The ants, to start with, are fairly plentiful. Not in communities, be it understood, for an ant-heap is never seen; but solitary and very busy individuals, with recurved abdomens, hurrying along as though living were the simplest matter in the world. The very minute Egyptian ant, too, is common everywhere. Scorpions beneath turned stones are frequent enough, and lizards dart about in the fierce sunshine as happily as if the plenty of Italy and France lay easily within their reach. Perhaps they never drink! They are plentiful enough, and increase as you go towards Suez and the Red Sea. Geckos and agamas, the latter a peculiar flat-bodied, large-headed, uncouth little creature,

are among the ones most frequently seen; but the most striking are the spiny-tailed varieties, which love the soft leaves of the "seyal" plant whenever they can find it. There is another kind that the weaker-minded among the Arabs dread, because they say it throws stones at them with its tail. Its energetic, quick movements apparently flick the smaller stones to a considerable distance.

There are snakes, too, though rarely seen, and to be found mostly in the hills further east towards the Red Sea. The horned viper (*kakar*) is greatly dreaded by the Arabs; but no one merely walking in the desert hereabouts appears to have seen one. A doctor, however, interested in the desert life tells me he caught a specimen with a bird in its mouth it had just killed, and another having the remains of a wagtail in its stomach. The

jackals come, of course, as their habit is, very close to human habitations, and may often be heard crying after nightfall or in the early morning on the outskirts of Helouan. The hyrax is another desert animal, too shy to be often seen. It has a variable distribution, being dependent to a large extent upon the amount of rainfall, so that a colony may completely disappear from a district after a dry season. It has a sharply-pointed muzzle and small rounded ears, and the body is covered with a thick coat of nearly uniformly-coloured hair, deep brown as a rule. It lives in rocky or stony places,



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KINROSS HOUSE: THE FISH GATE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in communities, like rabbits, haunting holes beneath the rocks, and is found, too, frequently in certain districts in the rocky water-courses. Its feet are of remarkable structure, being very flat and pad-like, so that it can run with ease on the smooth rocky slopes. The toes are leathery in appearance, there being four on the front and three on the hind feet. The presence of two pairs of well-marked front teeth, one in the upper and the other in the lower jaw, also gives a characteristic appearance which enables the skull of a hyrax to be readily recognised. Mr. Hume of the Cairo Survey Department mentions these particulars. As a rule, these animals seem to keep within approachable distance of the eastern banks of the Nile. The same writer—referring for a moment to the insect-life—mentions the rarity of butterflies, yet, oddly enough, the abundance of moths; and speaks of the beautiful blue dragonflies (one meets them flitting down the streets of Helouan), the locusts, which fall an easy prey to the ubiquitous lizards, the wasps and hornets and crickets, too, that one meets in the Wadis at almost any distance from the houses. There was a giant locust here last night in the hotel dining-room, which flew like a bat about the walls and dashed itself repeatedly against the ceiling, to the terror of the ladies, until, finally, a waiter " nabbed " it with a napkin and a glass, to everybody's great relief. The "praying insects" (Mantidæ) are also common enough, and fully bear out their reputation of being the most predacious and bloodthirsty of creatures, "to which character," says Hume, "must be added also a considerable amount of curiosity, as they used to come on to the table and watch the writer's every movement, turning their peculiarly-shaped heads on one side while doing so. On another occasion one caught a moth, and, perched on the tent-rope, held it in the fore legs and calmly tore it to bits, at the same time eating the fragments with much satisfaction." They are from two to three centimètres long, and of a bright green colour. "Spiders are comparatively rare," he adds, "but a large grey form and quite harmless variety accompanied the writer for a good part of the journey, travelling with the tent, and appearing every evening. Very abundant, too, are the false spiders (Solifugæ), which come into the tent at night, and one of which, over ten centimètres in length, has the reputation among the Arabs of being a deadly enemy to the scorpion." It is this variety, probably, that is locally spoken of round Helouan as a tarantula.

The bird-life is, perhaps, more interesting than any other form of desert life. One notices the flocks of kites, large grey birds, the moment one gets to Cairo. They circle, sometimes at an enormous height, sometimes close above the roofs and streets, and their peculiar sharp, petulant cry is distinctly one of the Cairo sounds—when the traffic allows it to become audible. Round Helouan they are very plentiful indeed, and in an hour's walk through the desert hundreds may be observed in spots where they have scented food, most likely in the form of a dead baby camel. Vultures, too, are common, especially the carrion vulture, the well-known "rakham" of the Arabs. They will follow human beings for very long distances, with intentions that may easily be imagined. One is almost startled to hear larks and see the darting swallows, too; the latter, preparing for migration to Europe, being very numerous towards the end of March. The desert-lark (*Alamon desertorum*) is a joy to see and hear; it has grey plumage, a long slender beak

and a very rapid run; and another species, the finch lark, with short, thick beak, is also readily recognised by the peculiar and sudden manner in which it drops to the ground. Wagtails, too, flit everywhere, even in the most desolate and arid gorges; and there is a kind of chat, very small, and equally ubiquitous, noticeable by the vivid contrast of black and white in its plumage. These birds add greatly to the charm of the desert. One watches them with a sort of admiration—plucky bits of life in the heart of such appalling loneliness. Their shrill twittering is the only sound one hears for hundreds and hundreds of miles. Hume,

in his survey of desert birds, also makes mention of owls—the eagle owl and the church owl—and says that nightjars have been met with, too, though never seen. He heard them crying at night. Barron, another writer who accompanied the survey expeditions, further describes great flocks of heron-like birds he saw going north-east, hundreds at a time. But these birds, called by the Arabs "kark," were apparently not true desert birds. They resemble the stork, and were exceedingly shy, too shy to permit approach. They seemed to come from the fields along the river, and merely settled in the desert; being probably, he says, the white-plumaged herons or egrets which are found so abundantly in the meadows bordering the Nile. They were migrating.

Among the rodents found in this portion of the desert, but apparently well distributed through the other deserts, too, is the small, sandy grey, three-toed jerboa. It is a little desert kangaroo rat with a long tail, and its holes are everywhere abundant. Closely allied to the jerbil, it is, nevertheless, far less frequently seen. At nightfall, apparently, the jerboa finds its courage, and takes it boldly in its three-toed hands. Curiosity impels it to investigate man. "One evening," says Hume, "when the writer was sitting on a hillock, a jerboa came up, and leapt round in a series of wide circles, but on the slightest movement at once made off. On several occasions they entered the tents at night and jumped about over the sleepers, but were far too quick in

their movements to be caught. One made persistent endeavours to dig into the tent under the flaps, desisting when the latter were sharply tapped, only to begin again a few seconds later. One very cold and windy day two of the Arabs brought in a small specimen. On being taken out and put under one of the bsilla bushes, it had evidently formed the impression from the warmth of the tent and its good reception that it had fallen among friends, for it jumped back to the tent, and, arriving there, curled itself under the blankets."

A doctor here, who has been interesting himself in various bacteriological experiments, and in a general study of the desert animal-life, tells me that the jerbil, the desert mouse, never drinks at all. It simply despises water. One that he kept in captivity for over a year lived the whole time without a single drop of water. He kept it in a large glass jar, feeding it with grain—dry grain that contained a very small percentage of moisture. He placed water for it, but the jerbil never looked at it. The jerboa, he tells me, has the same predilection for its nourishment "dry." A friend of his had recently been out to shoot the addax, a rare type of antelope that haunts extremely desolate parts of Northern Africa and Arabia, and, of course, is not to be found in the desert immediately round Helouan. His friend, in fact, went forty days on a camel to come up with it. The addax equally despises water; its meat is very succulent eating, and there is nothing abnormal in the condition of its



KINROSS HOUSE: SUNDIAL AND CUPID.

blood. But it never drinks. It stands over three feet high, is yellowish white in colour, with a brown mane and a fringe of the same hair on the throat. Both sexes carry horns, which

are ringed and form an open spiral. The habits of this desert antelope resemble those of the gemsbok, and it is hunted by the Arabs for its flesh, and also to test the speed of their horses.

ISLE OF WIGHT BEE DISEASE.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S.

SIX years ago two patient observers, Dr. H. B. Fantham and Dr. Annie Porter, recorded the presence of a certain parasite, known as *Nosema apis*, in bees which had been obtained from the Isle of Wight in a diseased or dying condition. These observers were not slow to grasp the significance of the presence of this parasite in the bees and the co-existence of what was known as the "Isle of Wight Disease" or "dry dysentery." Unfortunately, there was a difficulty in obtaining material, and Dr. Fantham and Dr. Porter, while still holding a watching brief against the *Nosema*, intermitted for a time their researches into bee disease. The disease, however, spread in ever-widening circles until it has now reached the utmost limit of the United Kingdom.

In 1907, the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries sent Mr. (now Professor) A. D. Imms of Christ's College, Cambridge, to the Isle of Wight to investigate the cause of the trouble. Professor Imms gave a careful account of the symptoms of the plague, and noted that "the disease is eminently one of the digestive system, and might be described as a condition of enlargement of the hind intestine." Before he had been at work many weeks, however, Professor Imms received an appointment which involved his leaving for India, and the work of investigating the Isle of Wight bee disease was handed over to Dr. Malden of Cambridge, who at first was inclined to incriminate a bacterium. Dr. Malden made a special study of the *Bacillus pestiformis apis*, a form curiously resembling in structure the bacillus of the human bubonic plague. Infecting experiments with this bacterium, however, failed to produce the disease in healthy bees, and Dr. Malden came to the conclusion that *B. pestiformis apis* was not the primary infective organism of the Isle of Wight disease.

Let us now turn our attention to the organism which Dr. Fantham and Dr. Porter first noticed in British bees, and whose life-history they have for the first time fully worked out. *Nosema apis* is the brother of *Nosema bombycis*, which wrought incalculable harm among the silkworms of Europe during the middle of the last century. A disease infecting silkworms had been noted in Southern France during 1849, and efforts were made to improve the stock by importing eggs from Spain and Portugal. The Peninsula was soon affected, and eggs were then fetched from Turkey, Greece and adjacent islands, where, however, the stock soon again became infected. By 1864 every silk-producing country in the world was suffering from "silkworm disease," with the solitary exception of Japan, where the silkworms, though harbouring the parasite, were immune to its presence. The loss to French commerce was prodigious. The value of the cocoons produced in Southern France fell in a few years from four million pounds to below one million pounds. The genius of Pasteur "stayed" this plague, and we shall see later in what respects *Nosema apis* and *Nosema bombycis* differ, both as regards the virulence of their effect and as regards possible curative measures. Turning again to *Nosema apis*, we may begin by stating that it infects in the main the alimentary canal of the bee, and chiefly that part of it which is known as the "chyle-stomach" and the small intestine.

Let us try to trace the history of one of these parasites. It is taken up by the bee with its food as a spore, and travels down the oesophagus and the honey-stomach or crop without appreciably injuring these organs. It then passes through the valve into the fore-gut, and by this time each spore may have lost its coat, and an active and amœboid organism may have emerged. But the bulk of the spores are, however, only liberated when they reach the chyle-stomach, and here the spore, may now be roughly compared to a football hanging on a string or filament which serves as an anchor. The secretions of the chyle-stomach dissolve the spore-case, and, as we have said above, an amœboid organism emerges capable of moving between and into cells lining this part of the alimentary tract. Now this amœboid

organism may proceed to divide into two again and again, and thus the number of infected organisms is vastly increased. Finally, each of these amœboid parasites penetrates one of the cells lining the intestine, and a period of feeding and growth ensues. Each of these intrusive organisms again multiplies, and by more than one method, so that again the numbers of the parasites attacking the cells are enormously increased. After a time this continual subdivision is arrested, and the numerous parasites, after undergoing typical nuclear changes, turn into a young spore, which passes into the lumen of the gut and is discharged from the intestine, whence it serves to foul the comb and food of other bees.



FIG. 1.—A spore, showing the filament at the narrow end not yet extruded.

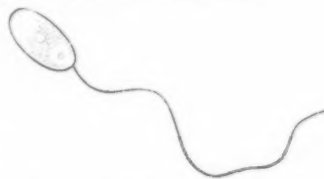


FIG. 2.—A fresh spore with filament extruded.



FIG. 3.—Specimens of *Nosema apis* from chyle-stomach of *Apis mellifica*.



FIG. 4.—A chain of five daughter cells. They arise by the division of the amœboid organism and have not yet separated from one another.



FIG. 5.—Amœboid organism showing pseudopodium lying in cell of the alimentary canal of the bee. Fresh preparation.

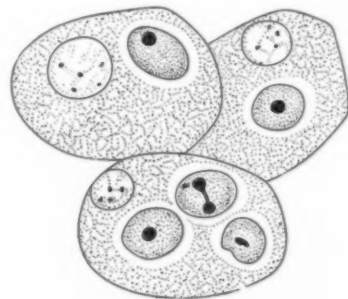


FIG. 6.—Group of three epithelial cells containing growing parasites. One cell contains three parasites, and of these one is dividing. Nuclei of host cells are faint.

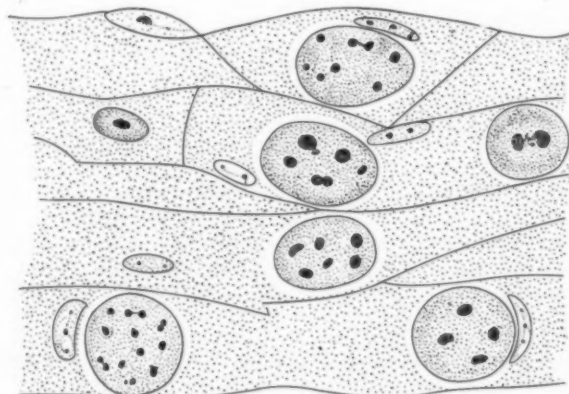


FIG. 7.—Tissue showing large, multinucleate parasites in various stages of division lying in the cells of the bee.

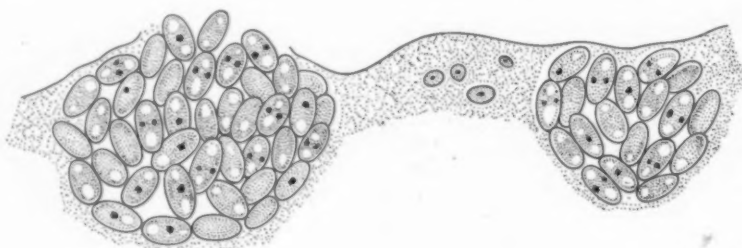


FIG. 8.—Pieces of epithelium showing two nests of young spores of *N. apis*. The tissue between the colonies shows four recently entered parasites.

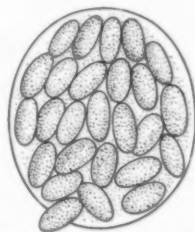


FIG. 9.—Cells filled with spores of *N. apis*, shed into the lumen of the intestine. Fresh preparations.

As we have seen, the first part of the life of *Nosema* is occupied with growth and active multiplication, so that the number of parasites within the host becomes enormous. It is this phase which is dangerous to the bee; but after a time the power of the parasite to multiply becomes exhausted. The bee can no longer supply its innumerable guests with sufficient food, and it becomes necessary for the *Nosema* to leave its dying host and seek the continuation of its life-history in a new one. For this purpose the parasite must protect itself against the dangers of the intermediate state. It has to survive a period between leaving one host and entering another, and to protect it it forms a hard outer coating, or spore-case. The spores are capable of resisting many adverse circumstances, such as heat, or cold, or drought, and live for considerable periods without losing their infective powers. As we have already said, *Nosema apis* is mainly confined to the chyle-stomach and small intestine of the bee. It has, however, been found in other organs of the body. It can pass through the wall of the alimentary tract and come to rest in the fluids of the body cavity. The various diverticula which arise from the alimentary canal are not, as a rule, infected, and only in very few cases has it been found in the muscles and other systems of the insect. It has, however, once been found in the ovary of a queen bee, and it may be that it can be transmitted by heredity. *Nosema bombycis* is, however, far more deadly than *Nosema apis*, inasmuch as it possesses the power of invading every tissue of the body and even destroying the muscles. It is also, as is well known, transmitted through the ova. In some few cases *Nosema apis* has been found in immature bee-grubs, but whether they have been infected from their food or have been infected by heredity we do not as yet know.

The life-history of the bee and of the silkworm is so different that we cannot apply to the disease of the former the methods Pasteur used in stamping out the infection of the latter. Pasteur's method was to collect the moth and the eggs she laid in an envelope. During the autumn and winter every moth was examined microscopically by a vast army of women and

children, and should the organism be shown in the tissues of the moth, the eggs she had laid were burnt. Such treatment is, of course, impossible in the case of *Nosema apis*.

We have confined our attention in the main to the life-history of *Nosema apis*, as this is the most fundamental and original part of the Board's Report. The Report, however, contains much more of interest. A summary of the history of the disease forms one chapter, while another deals with the symptoms of the disease; this latter is, perhaps, a little diffuse. Indeed, the symptoms are not very clearly defined, and, as the authors say, "after studying a large number of descriptions we are unable to mention any one symptom which is invariably present." There is also a valuable discussion as to the relation of the *Nosema apis* to the disease, and an interesting account of infection experiments. Dr. Graham Smith and Mr. G. W. Bullamore have a section on the way in which the disease may be spread, and a short account of the way in which the wax moth which frequents the hive may mechanically transfer the parasites from hive to hive. The chapter on "Treatment and Infection" is necessarily of great importance, though short in length. Little or nothing can be done by the use of drugs. With regard to prevention, the important thing is the hygiene of the hive; infected bees should be burnt, the old hives thoroughly disinfected, the most efficacious way being to char the outside and inside of the hive with a painter's lamp and to repaint the outside. There is, further, a chapter at the end of the Report on the bacteria of bees, and a note on certain other parasites found in their bodies. It is a misfortune that Dr. Phillips and Dr. White, in the United States Department of Agriculture, have issued their historic notes* on the cause of bee disease just before the issue of the Board of Agriculture's Report. There are more than ninety pages of these notes, which are very voluminous and somewhat diffuse and uncritical, but they add practically nothing to our knowledge of the Isle of Wight bee disease.

* "Historic Notes on the Causes of Bee Diseases." Bulletin 98, Bureau of Entomology, Washington, 1912.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

FOR those thousands of people who love the game of tennis and follow it keenly there is no more magic or pregnant word than "Wimbledon." It represents to them, not a popular suburb, but the Mecca and epitome of the game. It is even synonymous with the word "championships" and is often so used. For such people the past fortnight has been "Wimbledon." That has



A. H. GOBERT, THE FRENCH COMPETITOR.



A. W. GORE, THE CHALLENGER.

been the absorbing interest. During this period the giants of lawn tennis have been waging their annual battle for supremacy. Now the battle is over, the several champions determined and a blank created in many lives.

And what is the net result of the championships? Mr. A. F. Wilding remains champion; Messrs. Roper Barrett and Dixon supplant the Frenchmen, Messrs. Decugis and Gobert, in the doubles; and a new name, that of Mrs. Larcombe, is

added to the roll of lady champions. But this year's championship meeting can show many other results and demonstrate many important truths. While some reputations have been merely maintained, others have been enhanced, and others again have suffered sadly. Mr. Wilding, though successfully defending his title, cannot be said to have advanced his reputation. True, he played much better than in last year's challenge round, but not so well as he did on the occasion of his first win in 1910. Mr. Gore was his challenger last Monday, and Mr. Gore generally manages to show up any of Mr. Wilding's weaknesses. When Mr. Gore is on court he is the aggressor or nothing. Whatever his opponent may do, wish to do, or attempt to do, he attacks. That is Mr. Gore's natural game. It is Mr. Wilding's natural game too. So a match between these two players is always an interesting spectacle of two players trying to compel one another to play an unnatural game. In this respect Mr. Gore gets the better of the argument. Though beaten in this year's challenge round by three sets to one, Mr. Gore attacked far more than did Mr. Wilding. He kept the latter to a defensive game, and beat him back when he ventured to come to the net with lightning passing shots. Mr. Gore never played his smashing fore-hand drive better. He controlled the ball wonderfully and placed it into the corners with precision and power. Fortunately for him Mr. Wilding had the better service, the better back-hand and more skill in volleying. Mr. Gore's play in this match, and his splendid defeat of Mr. Gobert, give the final lie to the popular belief that a man is too old at forty, for Mr. Gore is four years over that age.

The reputation that suffered most was that of Mr. Gobert, the brilliant French exponent. He reached the final of the singles by really fine and masterly tennis. He seemed set for the championship. With his tremendous reach, his powerful puzzling service, his strong back-court play and his ultra-cleverness at the net, who could possibly overcome him? Not Mr. Gore, not Mr. Wilding, surely! But there is another element in tennis besides strokes and skill. There is temperament. There is courage, too—or the lack of it. Though all the critics were confident the Frenchman *could* beat Mr. Gore, they did not feel absolutely sure that he *would*. Their doubt was justified. First of all, by bad generalship, then by sheer despondency and faintness of heart, the Frenchman assured his own defeat. It was a tragedy that such skill, such



MRS. LARCOMBE.

technique, such strokes should be discounted by timidity. If Mr. Gobert's reputation suffered, Mr. Decugis was one of those who advanced his. At times he played the finest tennis seen at the meeting, notably in his match with Mr. Gobert. What a service! The fastest ever seen on a tennis court. Another reputation that suffered was Mr. Dixon's. Regarded as the best English player of the season, he failed dismally in the singles; and though winning the doubles championship, he owed his success far more to his clever partner, Mr. Roper Barrett, than to his own skill. Mr. Beamish did better than he has ever done before, and showed himself to be a vastly improved player. But the brothers Lowe fell a little from their position. Among the ladies, Mrs. Larcombe was the outstanding performer, though Mrs. Hannam pressed her very close, while Mrs. Sterry won distinction by reaching the last stage of the ladies' championship for the eleventh time in her career.

THE RAVEN AND THE ROOK.

THE ordinary "country-sider" knows no difference between the rook and the carrion crow, nor yet the raven, except by its size. They are known by "bad names," such as "devil birds," and have an evil reputation generally. Else why should the school lads write in their books:

Black is the Raven
Black is the Rook
But blacker is He
That steals this book?

To country-folk young rooks are good only in pies, and old ones only good to tell what the day's weather is going to be. The raven is a croaker, yet the idea of croaking is given to the carrion crow, which is supposed to sit and watch the failings of human beings and croak over them. A tailor is said to be the special object of the carrion crow's croaking, and some very special lines are known about it, thus:

A carrion crow sat on an oak
Watching a tailor cut out a coat
And the old carrion crow
Went quark, quark, quark.

This was supposed to madden the tailor, and

Oh, bring me my arrow and my bow
An' let me shoot that carrion crow;
And the old carrion crow
Went quark, quark, quark.



MRS. STERRY IN THE FINAL FOR THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

The tailor he fired
And missed his mark
And the old carrion crow
Said quark, quark, quark

as he shook up his feathers and flew away. On the other hand, the raven, though seldom seen, is credited with such names as "foul-bird" and "bad croaker." Jackdaws fly with crows because they are the crow's nearest relations and black enough to uphold the whole black family. T. R.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FEW subjects are so fascinating as the investigation of the beginning of natural history. Living as we do after several thousands of years in which generation after generation has been adding to our knowledge, it comes as a surprise to look back and see how much was known by the primitive mind. In some ways the early races knew more about natural history than our own. We study it for pleasure; they did so out of necessity. The first seamen who ventured beyond the confines of the little port where probably they had fished in their infancy, had to study the heavens for stars to guide their course and for signs of weather. In early literature it is astonishing to see how many things are dated by the movements of the birds—a theme on which Aristophanes has dilated in one of the best known of his plays. Life, too, was originally nomadic and outdoor; the primitive savage had to study natural history in order to defend himself from the carnivora, which were as powerful as man, and to obtain the food on which he lived, the mussels in the sand and, later, beasts and birds, nuts and other fruits of the earth. Primitive man lived so close to Nature that he could not help being a student of natural history. The fruit of this is seen in the early records, and Professor Miall has performed a valuable service by gathering together the material which he has published under the title *The Early Naturalists: Their Lives and Work* (1530—1789) (Macmillan). Before the formal opening of the book, he gives us an introduction that deals with natural history previous to the sixteenth century. His real beginning is in Greece. Homer, whom he does not mention, is an encyclopædia of certain aspects of Nature. Professor Miall is content to take the more formal students. The historians of that period were not specialists, in the sense that they distributed their attention over many subjects. Herodotus kept an eye on the remarkable animals of the distant countries over which he travelled. Xenophon in his leisure studied the habits of hares, deer, wild boars and hounds, and tells how in his day lions and leopards still haunted Thrace, Macedonia and the wild country further to the north. Aristotle astonished the reader of his day by his knowledge of the migration not only of birds, but of fish. He knew that if worker bees lay eggs, drones only are produced, and many other facts which point to a close observation of Nature at the dawn of civilisation. Pliny is said to have dictated a great deal of his natural history when he was in his bath, and his work is interesting as bringing together the scattered knowledge of his time. And so down the ages we always get somebody who devoted himself to this charming and useful study.

Among the early writers of the period strictly under review, we can only select a few for comment. One of the most remarkable was Conrad Gesner, who is accurately described as the most learned naturalist of the sixteenth century. He wrote a little book on fossils, and he produced a history of animals which was to have been followed by a history of plants, which probably would have been a masterpiece if he had lived to complete it. Matthias de L'Obel, who gave his name to that delightful little flower the lobelia, was devoted to the study of botany from childhood. He was the first "to call attention to the fact that the mountain plants of warm countries descend to low levels further north." Of course, in the midst of this knowledge there was a good deal of ignorance. Thus, early naturalists classified the bat as a bird and the whale as a fish. Most of them told incredible stories, too, of animals which had either been taken on hearsay or had not been closely observed.

The discovery of America by Christopher Columbus was a revolution in natural history as well as geography. When Columbus returned to the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella from his first voyage he brought with him not only six Indians waiting to be baptised, but live parrots and a few stuffed animals. But the first man to set down in writing something like a connected history of the New World was Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes. He says that when Hayti was first visited by Europeans it contained five mammals, but it is difficult to identify them now. Some of his descriptions are beautiful. Thus he said the humming-birds "are no bigger than the top of the thumb and, when plucked, only half as big." The feet and claws he describes as "delicate as in the miniatures of an illuminated prayer-book."

Among the early English naturalists, William Turner holds the leading place. He was a fellow of a Cambridge College and a

strong Protestant. While at the University he published his "Libellus," a book which gives the Greek, Latin and English names of all the plants he knew. Soon after he was sent to prison for preaching without a licence, and when set free he went abroad till the accession of Edward VI., when he returned to England to become chaplain, physician and botanist. Of his "Herball" it has been said by a competent authority "that almost every page bears witness to a personal knowledge of the subject, which would be distinctly creditable even to a modern ornithologist." The following quotations show how keen he was as an observer:

"There is a certain bird which Englishmen call Creeper, that is Climber, for it always climbs about on trees: this I believe to be the Certhia. It is a little bigger than the Regulus, having a whitish breast, the other parts dull brown, but varied with black spots; its note is sharp, its beak is slender and is slightly hooked towards the tip; it never rests, but is for ever climbing up the trunks of trees after the manner of the Woodpeckers, and it eats grubs, picking them from the bark."

"I know two sorts of kites, the greater and the less; the greater is in colour nearly rufous, and in England is abundant and remarkably rapacious. This kind is wont to snatch food out of children's hands, in our cities and towns. The other kind is smaller, blacker, and more rarely haunts cities. This I do not remember to have seen in England, though in Germany most frequently."

Dr. John Caius, whose book of dogs has often been commented on in our pages, was a renowned physician to Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth in succession. He wrote the best contemporary account of the sweating sickness. Charles Butler wrote a book on bees which he called "The Feminine Monarchie." Although this book assumes the truth of many wrong assumptions, it shows a great deal of original observation. Thus he tells us that the drones are only found in the hive during the breeding season and are reared by the workers. He knew that the worker bees were females. He gives a very fair account of the worker bee, and among the implements which he recommends to the bee-master is a drone pot. This is a vessel used like a lobster pot. It is set at the door of the hive, and is so constructed that the drones can enter it but cannot leave it again. Butler tried to prick down the bees' music with the help of a wind instrument, and he wrote a glee in four parts which he prints as "The Bees' Song." The following notes on the collecting habits of bees embody facts acted upon by the modern apiarians, who in some cases have been able to isolate certain kinds of honey, as raspberry honey, bean-flower honey, from taking the sections made during a single day:

"They gather," he says, "on the flowers of the maple a whole month together, and somewhat on the flower of vetch, when his time is, but the greatest store of honey is drawn out of the black spot of the little picked (piked, or pointed) leaf (stipule) of the vetch, which growth on each side of the two or three uppermost joints. These they ply continually: I never saw vetches, how far soever from hives, that for three months together (if the weather served) were not full of bees. Beans also, which with their flowers have also black-spotted leaves as well as the vetches, on which sometimes they gather."

"The bees gather but one kind of flower in one voyage."

"And in this great variety this is strange that where they begin they will make an end and not meddle with any flower of other sort until they have their load."

It would be too much to follow in detail the lives of all who find a place in Professor Miall's book. Our references must only be taken as an indication of its general trend. It is really a wonderful piece of work, showing how the body of natural history possessed to-day has grown up and developed during the course of centuries.

THE MODERN ART.

The Art of Golf, by Joshua Taylor. (T. Werner Laurie.)

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Sir Walter Simpson produced the most charming book that ever was written about golf and called it "The Art of Golf." It is rather a sad commentary on the modern golfer that to-day an English professional player and his publisher should be so ignorant or so forgetful of this real classic as inadvertently to appropriate its title for a book of their own. Once one has forgiven Joshua Taylor for his title, however, one can find a good deal to approve in his book. He writes easily—perhaps, indeed, a little too free-and-easily, for not the most intimate and friendly relations between master and pupil can justify the writing of such a sentence as "This is all rot," which is to be found on page 129. At the same time, his is a straightforward, readable style which gets one over the ground; he is not dull and he teaches clearly and sensibly. He is not particularly original, but it is hardly possible to be an original teacher of golf at this time of day without being dangerously heterodox. Indeed, Taylor is least convincing when he is most original, or when he suggests that the stance should not be altered for playing for a pull or a slice or "advocates pitching

whatever the conditions." The book is a useful one in this way, that while it is avowedly written for the ordinary golfer of quite pedestrian attainments, it does not begin, as has so often been done by this time, at the very beginning of all things. A certain amount of quite elementary teaching is taken as read, and so the reader can get on at once to that which his soul loves best—a series of "tips" and dodges, in any one of which may lurk the secret of untold improvement. The author's brother, J. H. Taylor, has written a chapter on the "Evolution of the Bunker," which is decidedly interesting, more especially as coming from the founder of the latest kind of golfing architecture—the "humps and hollows" of the Old Deer Park.

A POST IN THE MAKING.

London Windows, by Ethel Talbot. (Stephen Swift and Co.)

MISS ETHEL TALBOT'S is a somewhat elusive muse. The contents of *London Windows* are of very unequal quality. Occasionally she has a really beautiful thought, and, setting out to garb it in fitting language, succeeds up to a certain point—to suddenly fall away in a manner unaccountable and disconcerting to the reader. This, to take a case in point, is illustrated in the second of the "Three Poems of the British Museum" to the "Mourning Woman," the most ambitious work in the little volume. Here, after a very beautiful and well-expressed piece of word-painting, is a tawdry jingle:

Can ye regard her, and not guess
At the tumultuous-thoughted sea
Raging within her peacefulness?
Under that placid brow of hers,
What sorrows and what mysteries?
Yea, though the dropped mouth never stirs
For all the splendid pageantries
That follow each other through her brain,
Each one a conqueror's funeral train.
Over and over her lips say—
He whom I love is gone away,
Over and over her heart said,
He whom I love is dead, is dead. . . .

These first ten lines could hardly be improved. It is a pity their level should have been departed from with such an inexplicable fall from the initial intention; in the first of the poems, which also deserves mention, this is not so. In "The Friday Market," an imaginative and fanciful fragment which calls up the Rag Fair and its tragedy with really wonderful insight, why allow such harshnesses as "whenas I sit alone," or such weak curtailments as "His scattered bones unburied on the pave"? Occasionally, too, Miss Talbot's ear is not true. To those who have a tenderness for a young poet in the making, and the will to sift the gold from the dross, this slim volume of promise should make a sure appeal.

NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

The Daughter of Brahma, by I. A. R. Wylie. (Mills and Boon.)

"THE DAUGHTER OF BRAHMA," though woven about a somewhat sensational plot, is a novel of more than common interest on account of the excellence of its realisation of the Oriental atmosphere, and also for the cleverness of the character analysis of its hero. David Hurst, the grandson of one of the makers of India, is born on the dawn succeeding his father's murder on the threshold of Jean Hurst's room. A woman of strong and ruthless temper, she cannot, as time passes, deny to herself that she is shamed by the weakling, lame and ugly, who is her son; and in a moment of brutal frankness she betrays to an intimate her contempt for, and dislike of, the child who has been so great a disappointment to her. Unknown to her, this conversation is overheard by David, and changes the whole world for one whose adoration of his mother has been the biggest thing in life. David is sent home to be educated, but the call of the East is in his blood and not to be denied. When, later, the opportunity comes to him to return to it as secretary to Professor Heilig, a man of wide learning and greatly interested in the religious and political life of India, he accepts eagerly. Drawn to consideration of the native problem, Hurst gains access to secrets forbidden to his kind, and by this means meets with Sarasvati, the daughter of Brahma, whom the priesthood look upon as set apart. Meantime, by force of character and the steady growth of a pride equal to her own, David Hurst has begun to impress his mother and others by those qualities which her truth-telling of fourteen years before have called into play against her critical misjudgment. Slowly the change of temper of Hurst marks his gradual detachment from consideration of the opinion of himself for good or ill of those about him, so that when the day falls when she is ready to acknowledge him worthy to be her son it is too late to save him from his disastrous marriage with Sarasvati. This is an engrossing novel, which, in spite of improbabilities, gives an impression of truth.

Damosel Croft, by R. Murray Gilchrist. (Stanley Paul.)

THIS story of the Peak Country is woven about an old house that gives it its title, which is owned by Janey Maskerry, the last of a long line of yeomen of considerable standing. Here Janey lives with her aunt, Sophia Maskerry, a really delightful character, belonging to the old school. To Damosel Croft comes Cousin Timothy Molyneux, a popular author, with his wife and nephew, to rusticate. Sophia, who has had some experience of Timothy's ways, does not want to know him, but Timothy is not to be denied, and the visit is paid. The occasion provides opportunity for lively caricature of genius and its methods, and, at the same time, introduces a note which emphasises the old-world charm and irresistible appeal of the little group who live in and about Damosel Croft, for, against the artificiality and longing for personal aggrandisement of Timothy Molyneux, the simplicity of the comfortably-contented country-folk stands out in pleasant relief.

Stories Without Tears, by Barry Pain. (Mills and Boon.)

THERE are several excellent stories in this volume by Mr. Barry Pain. For the most part they are of the raciest and most breezy description and with a kindly humour leavening them all. Among the best of them might be mentioned "The Marriage of Miranda," in which the matrimonial settlement of his daughter Miranda is the cause of considerable perturbation and annoyance to Mr. Eugene

Parslow, whose secretary, in the capacity of right-hand man, plays him a shabby trick. Others are "A Model Man" and "Great Possessions," both touched by a genial cynicism not displeasing. The "Moral Stories" gathered together at the book's end might with advantage have been omitted; they are of little value.

HENLEY WEEK.

THE most delightful event in Henley Week was that of which we show an illustration—the visit from the King and Queen. It supplied the element that gave a rosy look to everything; all the more so because of the unconcealed enjoyment which is shown on the faces of Their Majesties. The appearance of the Royal barge on the river was met with a welcome which showed it to be taken as a promise that King George and Queen Mary wish to enter into the joys and amusements just as they have shown an ardent desire to share the sorrows of their subjects. The visit helped to make the Henley Week of 1912 the social success which it undoubtedly was, and the good nature engendered was no slight help to a victory over the elements which, occasionally during the week, would otherwise have been of a depressing character. We must content ourselves, however, with giving a brief diary of each day's events. Wednesday was at once sultry and showery; but the water was in good condition for rowing. There was little wind, but almost a flood going down. The boat with the Berkshire station had an advantage over that on the Bucks side, especially along the grand stand enclosure, as here the water ran with less strength than towards the opposite bank. The event of the day was a very fine race for the Diamond Sculls between C. M. Stuart and W. D. Kinnear. Kinnear obtained a capital start, and began to increase his advantage steadily, until at the mile post he was leading by a length. Then he came over to the Berks side and took his opponent's water. Stuart, however, made a grand recovery. By a supreme effort he overhauled his opponent, forced him to return to his own station and eventually won a magnificent race. The other events we must pass over lightly. In the second heat for the Diamond Sculls E. D. P. Pinks beat C. W. Wise; in the third, G. E. Fairbairn (Jesus College, Cambridge) beat E. B. Butler (Argonaut R.C., Toronto, Canada); in the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, Polydore Veirman (Royal Club Nautique de Gand, Belgium), E. W. Powell (Vikings Club), Alexander McCulloch (Leander Club) and N. M. Bruce (Christ Church, Oxford) won. In the Wyfold Challenge Cup, Pembroke College, Cambridge; Queens' College, Cambridge; London Hospital R.C. and Lady Margaret B.C., Cambridge, won their heats. Eight heats of the Thames Challenge Cup were also rowed, the winners being St. John's College, Oxford; Oriel College, Oxford; First Trinity, Cambridge; Merton College, Oxford; Anglian Boat Club; Kingston Rowing Club; Rowing Club de Paris and Pembroke College, Cambridge.

On the second day the stream was as strong as before, and there was a lively breeze. In the Thames Challenge Cup the following won their heats: St. John's College, Oxford; Pembroke College, Cambridge; Merton College, Oxford; and Rowing Club de Paris. In the Wyfold Challenge Cup, London Rowing Club; Queen's College, Cambridge; Pembroke College, Oxford, and London Hospital R.C. won their heats. The first two heats of the Ladies' Challenge Plate left Jesus College, Cambridge, and First Trinity, Cambridge, winners. The next two were rowed after lunch under better conditions, when Radley College won, and Eton College, after a magnificent race, got in front of Magdalen College, Oxford, and won by a length and a-quarter. In the Diamond Challenge Sculls, G. E. Fairbairn (Jesus College, Cambridge), A. McCulloch (Leander Club), E. W. Powell (Vikings Club) and E. D. P. Pinks (London Rowing Club) won their heats. C. M. Stuart did not come up to the high expectation formed after his splendid exhibition on the previous day, and lost by four lengths. For the Grand Challenge Cup, the first heat was between the Sydney Rowing Club and the Canadian Club, the latter being badly beaten. In the second heat Leander beat the London Rowing Club.

A fine day on Friday proved a boon to the spectators, but the rowing was not of a very exciting character. In the Grand Challenge Cup, Leander and Sydney Rowing Clubs came out winners in their respective heats. London Rowing Club and Queen's College won their heats for the Wyfold Challenge Cup. In the twelfth heat for the Diamond Sculls, A. McCulloch beat E. D. P. Pinks, and E. W. Powell won his heat also. St. John's College, Oxford, and the Rowing Club de Paris came out victorious in the heats for the Thames Challenge Cup. In the Silver Goblets the Thames Rowing Club won each heat with different crews. Jesus College, Cambridge, and Eton College came out in the finals for the Ladies' Challenge Cup. Christ Church, Oxford, with a first and second crew, won their heat for the Visitors' Challenge Cup. New College, Oxford, beat the Viking Club in the Stewards' Challenge Cup.

July 13th, 1912.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

67



SALUTING THE STATE BARGE.

On Saturday, when the King and Queen were present, there was some good rowing in the finals. Eton College won a very plucky race from Jesus College, Cambridge; New College beat the Thames Rowing Club for the Stewards' Challenge Cup; the Rowing Club de Paris beat St. John's College, Oxford, for the Thames Challenge Cup; Queen's

College won the Wyfold Challenge Cup; the Sydney Rowing Club, New South Wales, carried off the Grand Challenge Cup; E. W. Powell was victorious in the Diamond Challenge Sculls; Christ Church, Oxford, won the Visitors' Challenge Cup; and the Thames Rowing Club won the Silver Goblets.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE VIRTUE OF THE CROSS BUNKER.

"**J**AM in the cross bunkers, sir. Jam in the cross bunkers." That was the counsel that was given me, delivered in his own vehement manner, by one of the greatest of living golfers, J. H. Taylor. He said this in reference to a lamentation about the ever-lessening scores in which our courses are being done, and he said it also in regard to another lamentation I was making—that the young modern golfer did not seem to be acquiring the stroke which we all had to learn at one time, the stroke that stops the ball, with heavy cut, when it pitches off an iron approach. People do not play that stroke now. For one thing, the courses seldom require the stroke, because it is the modern theory of course construction that an accurately-played tee shot or second shot, as the case may be, ought to give you an "open approach" to the hole; that is to say, a passage between bunkers up which you can trickle the ball, along the ground, to the green.

Just what a poor thing it is to have green after green thus open is proved to the unfortunate pupil in a school of this character when he is brought up for the first time in his golfing life to such a place as North Berwick, let us say, where the greens are, now and then, just over walls or other similar hazards, about which there is no kindly spirit of compromise. A student in the sixth form of the running-up school may find himself in the very lowest possible class here—utterly unable to solve the problem of lofting and stopping which is quite simple to the scholar of the local school.

If in your courses down South, on which, after all is said, a majority of golfers learn now, you "jam in your cross bunkers" and place them right across the mouth of the green, you compel your pupil to learn this stroke or perish. The cross bunker, thus placed, as was the old cross bunker, is as uncompromising as a stone wall itself. That is not to say that it is not by far a better golfing hazard. A good bunker



GUARDING THE HOME GREEN AT WALTON HEATH.

player can put the ball near the hole out of the cross hazard guarding the green, and the bad bunker player cannot, whereas good and bad are alike when stuck close in under a wall. It is an affair of "play back" for both of them. This point of view shows a new argument for the cross bunker, for it is a weakness of the younger school, especially of the amateurs, not to be very skilled in dealing with a ball in sand, with a bunker cliff in front of it, near the hole. Now, if you will consider a course which has some very good cross bunkers guarding the green, although it is a course which was made by a constructor with all the principles of modern science in his head—I mean the course at Gullane—you will notice a particular point about them, and that is that they have no, or only a little, height of bank above the level of the surrounding country, and that where they have any of this height it is not on the side nearer the hole. The effect of this is that nowhere does the construction of the bunker hide the hole on the green from the approaches, or make the shot in any way blind. And this is a point of much importance and often much neglected by the modern course constructor. The simplest way of dealing

with the excavated sand or earth in making the bunker is to pile it up on the further side to add to the agony of the man who gets in, and to reduce, at the same time, the essential depth of the bunker. If you can give the man a good cliff to get out over by piling Ossa on Pelion in front, you do not need to dig down as deep as Hades behind. That is the principle which seems to have inspired the action of many of our bunker-makers, and they have sometimes made blind man's golf of the game therewith.

The conception of the right disposition of the cross bunker which we have in these modern times is to place it not straight across the course, that is to say, at right angles to the line of play, but diagonally; the theory being that with this disposition of the hazard a man is set the interesting problem to solve, whether it is better wisdom for him to essay the carry of the bunker at its nearest point to him, or to play to be short of it at



A SANDWICH BUNKER.

its furthest point. That is the modern idea, and no doubt it is good, making for more interesting golf than the cross hazard at right angles; but it is interesting just because it admits of compromise, and here and there, by way of a tonic, as it were, is it not a good thing that we should have no compromise about the hazards at all—that it should be a case of over or in, with no pleasant halfway or midway house? Taylor is very strongly convinced about it. He wants the cross bunkers jammed in through the green as well as to guard the putting green, his point being that in these days of far-travelling balls the player can do all that is required of him by simply trundling the ball along the ground all the way, and still get the hole in "the figure," if he never has a hazard which he is obliged to get over, but can go round or between them all. There are cons, however, as well as pros about the question of the cross bunker through the green. I have no doubt, as regards the cross bunker guarding the green, that the pros ought to carry the case. It is not that we want a repetition of the cross bunker, again and again, as we used to see it on some of the older inland courses. It is a mistake into which our course-constructors have shown themselves far too prone to fall, that of the vain repetition of an idea that has much in it which is good, but that grows wearisome after we have seen it once or twice in the round. One of the objections against discarding the bank on the bunker's far side, which has the effect of making some of the approaches "blind," is that this arrangement affords the easiest means for disposing of the excavated earth; but surely it might very well be utilised for making those undulations and mounds which are very rightly advocated as a mode of giving interest to a level piece of golfing country.



THE CARRY FROM THE TWELFTH TEE AT HAYLING ISLAND.

Surely we can all think of certain inland courses which would be very much improved if the banks were broken down and dispersed to give the effect of natural bumps. Doubtless the argument is sound, that if you do not make an up-standing cliff, your bunkers must be deeper; still it is a mistake to have the through-the-green bunkers too deep. The bunkers guarding the green should be deep, because the stroke to play out of them is one that does not aim at getting length, but at measuring distance, within short range, by the distance behind the ball at which the sand is cleft by the club. If your through-the-green bunkers are made equally deep with these, the clever man in sand is given no opportunity for getting the due reward of his cleverness, which ought to give him a good many yards of advantage over the duffer in the distance he can get the ball out of them. Deep bunkers through the green reduce all alike to the uninteresting necessity of digging the ball out with the loss of a clear stroke.

I should like to see several of the cross bunkers right up to the green on every course in the kingdom. Sometimes, no doubt, with the wind raging behind and the green keen it would be impossible for the deftest pitcher to loft over and stop near the hole, except from a short approach; but even if so, what matter? What matter if he have to go a little too far, or even if he go into the bunker itself? We do not want golf without bunkers, on the analogy of "reading without tears." The niblick is a club that men ought to learn to use, and they also ought to learn that pitch-and-stop stroke which they seem to neglect as a consequence of having no hazards to teach it to them. There are some fine examples at several

of the classic courses, such as Muirfield and Hoylake, though even on these greens some of them have been modified by making a channel for the running-up man to travel by. Surely the running-up idea has been carried a little too far, and we ought, if only for variety's sake, to have more pitching. H. G. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SUGGESTED ALTERATIONS OF THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

SIR,—Having read Mr. Darwin's article on the alterations of the amateur championship as proposed by Mr. Angus Hambro, and as it is a subject which I have also felt strongly about for some time, I venture to submit a few remarks endeavouring to state the case for proposed reform in a slightly more favourable light. There is not the smallest doubt that a very considerable section of the entrants for the amateur championship are dissatisfied with the present conditions of play, and it is a significant fact that their numbers are not confined entirely to members of the younger school. They contend that eighteen-hole matches do not constitute a sufficient test. Now, there are various factors affecting the situation which Mr. Darwin has omitted to take into consideration. The introduction of the rubber-cored ball has had three important effects on this particular competition: (1) It has considerably increased the element of chance, which must necessarily enter into every game, with, I believe, the exception of chess; (2) it has had a very levelling effect on the players; (3) it has compelled the modern golfing architect to make courses far more tricky than they used to be. Mr. Darwin disclaims any overwhelming display of partiality on the part of Providence for either side in his experience of these eighteen-hole matches. From my own experience as a player and a spectator, I must emphatically disagree with him. I think that the luck will often run all one way in an eighteen-hole match, though it generally squares out in a thirty-six-hole contest. This fact was never more forcibly brought home to me than in the International match the last time the amateur championship was held at Muirfield. I was playing Mr. Angus Hambro, and by dint of very fine golf, necessarily favoured by fortune, he completed the first nine holes in 36—a very good score under any conditions, but rendered more so by the fact that it included a seven at a hole which I did in four. Needless to say, I was a good many holes down at the turn and, as he continued to play well, was very glad to be only three down at lunch-time. In the afternoon the luck went all my way, and I eventually won the match by three holes. Now, if that morning round had been the first round of the championship, I must have been put out of the competition, though I played better golf in that match than in any subsequent round, and Providence and my opponents allowed me to reach the final that year. Mr. Darwin cites the *News of the World* competition as evidence of the sufficiency of the eighteen-hole test, pointing out that Braid, Taylor, Herd, Sherlock and Ball have all succeeded in winning; but he omits the fact that this tournament includes a qualifying competition, and also the astounding fact that Harry Vardon's name does not appear among the winners—I believe I am right in saying that this greatest of all golfers has never even reached the final. If an eighteen-hole match is considered to be a sufficient test, why should the final of the amateur championship, not to mention the International and University matches, consist of thirty-six holes? I think the question answers itself. Granted that the introduction of thirty-six-hole matches is desirable, the only method of playing the tournament under such conditions is to reduce the field to either thirty-two or sixteen by means of two qualifying rounds of score play. It is a pity in some ways that score play must enter into what has so far been one of the few purely match-play tournaments, and I quite agree with Mr. Darwin that the actual qualifying rounds would not afford anyone very much pleasure. But, after all, the pleasure of really important athletic contests is chiefly retrospective, and the competitors who succeeded in surviving the test would at least feel that, come what may, they had already achieved a measure of success. The chief objection to the qualifying rounds seems to be that a player worthy of championship honours might fail to qualify. All I can say is that if he did so fail, he would have only himself to thank, and certainly would not deserve to win the championship. It is a dictum of an ex-champion, who has proved himself equally good at both kinds of game, that unless a man can play for a score, he cannot be considered a finished golfer. I heard one or two very curious arguments at Westward Ho! against altering the competition in any way. One was that it would spoil the fun of the holiday. I should like to point out that there are fifty-one other weeks in the year in which to organise an amusing golfing holiday, but that the remaining week might well be reserved for a competition worthy of taking its place with the other great athletic contests of the year. Another objection was that it would discourage the slightly weaker competitors from taking part. I should have thought that any innovation calculated to decrease the present enormous fields would be welcomed for that reason alone. That it would be a more severe strain on the players I fail to see. If the qualifying rounds were played on the Friday and Saturday, leaving Monday for playing off ties for the last place, the final would be over on Friday afternoon (as under present conditions), granted that the number of survivors of the qualifying stage did not exceed sixteen. If thirty-two was the number decided on, it would, of course, involve another day's play. I have one more argument to produce in favour of the new system, and not the least important. It has always been one of the weak points of the competition that it often happens that of the two opponents who meet in the afternoon round, the one has had a very easy victory in the morning, which has taken practically nothing out of him, while the other has had a really gruelling match, terminating, perhaps, at the nineteenth or twentieth hole, and leaving him "stone cold." The proposed new method would render this impossible. The players would start fresh, and on equal terms, each morning.

—CECIL K. HUTCHISON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EARWIG IN THE EAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest the very many natural history readers of your columns to read the following, if you would be good enough to insert it, and you will oblige me by letting me know if you have ever heard of a similar case. Four days ago a lance-corporal of the King's Own Regiment complained of severe pains in the head; these pains came on quite suddenly. He went straight to hospital, and to-day has returned quite well. Last night a pump was applied to his ear and an earwig was pumped out. This gave the man instant relief. This camp (Dunchurch, near Hythe) swarms with earwigs, and so it was not unnatural for one to get into this man's ear.—DOUGLAS C. ROBINSON.

P.S.—This can be corroborated by medical officer if you desire.—D. C. R.

[This is by no means a unique case. All sorts of foreign bodies have been met with in the external auditory canal, which leads to the drum, or tympanum, of the ear. For instance, living creatures such as flies, earwigs, maggots or even cockroaches; vegetable substances as a pea, bean or an ear of corn; or almost any variety of hard substance which it is possible to introduce accidentally or by design, such as fruit stones, buttons, etc., may be found in the canal. Living insects, by the scratching movements they exert against the drum, may cause the most intense pain and tinnitus. Inflammation may be set up in the external ear passage and a discharge occur which only ceases with the removal of the foreign object. Inert foreign bodies may remain in the ear for very long periods, even as much as twenty years, without setting up symptoms beyond deafness. Living insects which have gained an entrance may be killed by instilling a few drops of oil or rectified spirit, after which they can be removed at leisure, and preferably by skilled assistance. More harm is likely to be caused to the drum by clumsy efforts to remove the dead insect than by the insect itself. Earwigs, being averse to light, are accustomed to secrete themselves in any dark hole or corner during the daytime, and in entering the external passage of the ear they have no other reason than to hide themselves in a convenient and dark nook.—ED.]

MORE ABOUT THE SHOEBILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The shoebill, or whale-headed stork (*Baleniceps rex*), now on view in the Zoological Gardens, is one of the most remarkable of living birds. It inhabits the swamps of the "sudd" region of the Upper Nile. The bill of *Baleniceps* is of immense size, resembling a large shoe of horn. In this respect



BALENICEPS REX.

the bird strikingly resembles the "Borogove" as imagined and depicted by Tenniel in illustrating "Alice Through the Looking-Glass." The object of this extraordinary specialisation is not apparent, as the bird feeds on fish like other herons, whose dagger-like bills, wielded by long snake-like necks, seem to be infinitely better adapted for capturing the same prey. Possibly the bird is a survival from a remote past in which it may have lived on some other food—perhaps snakes, lizards, crabs, or small tortoises, for dealing with which its great cutting and crushing bill would be well suited. Certainly it seems to be but clumsily equipped for the fish-catching competition with the herons in which it is now engaged. Two other smaller species of birds have bills of much the same shape, the South American boatbill (*Cancroma*) and a kingfisher (*Clytoceyx*), but in these again the object of this modification is unknown, as their food does not appear to differ from that of their congeners with bills of a totally different type. The bird which arrived at the Zoological Gardens on June 29th comes from the Bahr-el-Ghazal River in the Sudan, and was presented by the Sirdar, Sir Reginald Wingate. Only once before has *Baleniceps* been brought alive to Europe, and this was as long ago as 1860, in which year the Zoo received two specimens obtained by Mr. Petherick, the British Consul at Khartoum. Few gifts could have been more welcome at the Gardens than the bird which now replaces them after an interval of fifty-two years.—A. L. BUTLER.

[Although we showed an illustration of the shoebill last week, we are glad to supplement it with Mr. Butler's excellent description.—ED.]

FROM A GARDEN IN NORTH DEVON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—By midsummer the song of birds had entirely ceased in this district. One blackbird, fed during winter, had each dawn and eve perched on the highest

twig of my garden oaks, poured out his heart in short raptures of song to a distant friend over the valley, who duly responded. But latterly even a shower only drew forth an occasional brief snatch. He has left now, *pro tempore*, for distant pastures. Even the persistent chaffinch has withdrawn his presence with his monotonous little song. I hear him give an occasional call-note from the plantation below. The cuckoo left us about June 20th. An egg was laid in a hedge-sparrow's nest late in May, but the exposed situation by the side of the road accounted for its disappearance before hatching. On May 18th the whirring note of the nightjar came up to me in the gloaming from the woodland. I knew he was hovering there round sapling oaks with wide-open beak devouring cock-chafers and other insects to repletion, but early in June the cold nights and wet, sunless days silenced him also, and doubtless caused the earlier departure of the cuckoo. I may add that Tortoiseshell, Holly, Blues, Orange Tips, Emperors, Fritillaries, Large and Small White (*Brassicae*), Brimstone, Peacock and Red Admirals came from early April onwards, but their visits were few and far between, and during a cold, wet June I saw none. Yesterday (July 5th), with a return of sunshine, came a Peacock and Red Admiral, and in the evening I heard the nightjar once more in the woodland. It would be interesting to know if the cuckoo has left other districts as early as June 20th.—A. M. E., Bratton Fleming.

A GOLD MEDALLIST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I wonder if you would like to publish the enclosed photograph? It shows Miss Nancy Brunton, daughter of Sir Lauder Brunton, the well-known London physician. She is the gold medallist for 1912 in the Royal Horticultural Society's general examination open to all gardeners or gardening students over eighteen years of age. Miss Brunton is a student at the Studley Agricultural and Horticultural College for Women, and this is the second year running that the medal has been won at Studley.—L. H.



THE GOLD MEDALLIST, ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE SWISS POINT OF VIEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was very sorry indeed to see Mr. Algernon Blackwood's article on Switzerland in your excellent paper. Why do people insist on writing about things they do not know? If Mr. Blackwood had confined himself to criticising the atmosphere and the mountains, his opinion would have been appreciated, as everybody's views on things he knows ought to be. And if he had sneered only at the scandalous vulgarisation of the better-known spots, every true Swiss would have applauded his remarks. But words like "Switzerland is a petty, bourgeois state, the people unpicturesque and rather sordid, a mere nation of hotel-keepers," and, again, "Switzerland is a playground and need not pretend to be anything else," are as foolish as if a visitor to this country were judging her history by present-day strikes and conditions, her inhabitants by the poor wretches who ask him for money in the streets and on the Embankment, and also pronounced coal-digging as England's destiny and only pretension. Most of the hotel-keepers, at least of the hotels frequented by British tourists, are not Swiss at all, but Germans, French or Italians. It is very improbable that one tourist in every thousand has ever known a real Swiss. The introduction of "tourism" is looked upon in Switzerland much in the same way as the passing of the last Aliens Act in England. But everything has its compensation, and articles of the stamp of Mr. Blackwood's may prevent an increase of tourists to Switzerland, which most Swiss patriots would consider a blessing.—BORSINGER DE BADEN.

A BAD FRUIT YEAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is very evident now that there is to be a very poor fruit year. The blossom was evidently much too early, and the weather, during the nights at least, too cold. In the Cheddar district the strawberry crop has not turned out well, the gooseberries are small, and there has been a big drop off with red and white currants, while the black currants have been badly blighted. Raspberries set well, but they have not made much growth; plums are practically a failure, pears few, and there has been a great disappearance of the apple crop. First, the apples did not set at all well, and there has been a big falling off since. Seemingly, since the number of bees kept have diminished, we have not had that big setting of apple blossom that formerly took place; anyway,

those farmers who have cider in their cellars are holding tight to it, and in all probability it will pay them well to do so. West of England cider-makers are beginning to be somewhat perturbed at the purchase of cider fruit trees for export to Canada for the purpose of establishing cider orchards there. Taken all round, fruit-growers in the West of England are not at all likely to experience a favourable season.—ELDRED WALKER.

CAT AND RABBIT.¹

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A couple of days ago I witnessed an incident which shows that the domestic cat sometimes catches its prey, not by stealth, but by superior speed. I was sitting in a hedge watching some birds, and though not concealed, a Donegal tweed and absolute stillness made me very inconspicuous. Suddenly a scuffling of animals in rapid motion sounded on my right, and along the hedgerow came a half-grown rabbit going at its top speed, with a cat in close pursuit. The cat overtook the rabbit right at my feet, and gripped it by the back of the neck. I put my foot on to the cat's back, and she let go the rabbit and bolted into the hedge lower down. The unlucky victim was in extremis, so I gave it a merciful blow on the neck. It was interesting seeing this hunt at such close quarters, as it shows how a cat at times exactly imitates the great carnivora in its methods, viz., a stealthy approach and then a rush at top speed. All have read of the precisely similar tactics of the hunting cheetah when unleashed in sight of Indian antelope. Considerable speed over a short distance is evidently characteristic of many of the cat tribe, and in the cheetah this attribute is intensified and developed to such a degree that it is capable of overtaking even the phenomenally swift black buck.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

ORNITHOLOGICAL PILGRIMAGES.

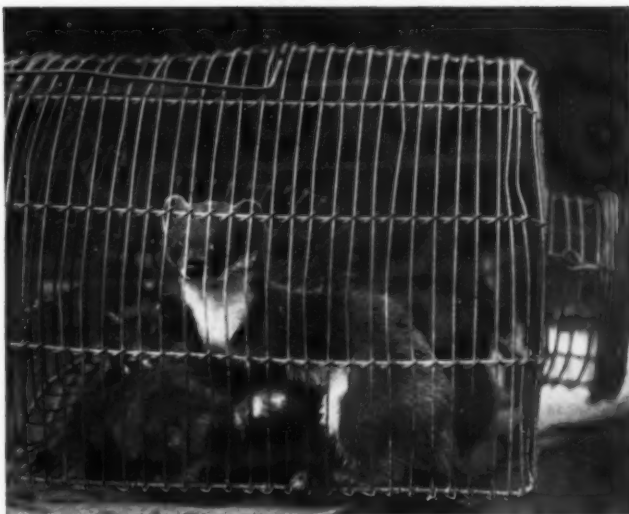
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you or some of your readers could give me a list of the great breeding resorts of British sea-birds. I have made pilgrimages to the Bass Rock, the Farne and the Scilly Islands with great enjoyment, and I would like to carry across the Atlantic a first-hand knowledge of the other breeding-places that one so often reads about in your pages.—AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

A CATCH OF STOATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of seven stoats caught in a rat-trap. The incident occurred on the Barnwell Estate, lately acquired by Mr. H. Czarnikow of Cranford Hall, Kettering, from Earl Dalkeith. After the photograph was taken a rat joined them, and all suffered the same fate



AN ILL-FATED FAMILY.

peas in this manner. The cylinders, when covered with the peas, give a very pretty effect, and have quite justified my expectations, although I was



SWEET PEAS ON WIRE-NETTING.

warned, when purchasing the material, that the peas would not climb, frost would chill the clingers and wind would smash the flowers to rags. All the above sound very disheartening, but have not happened in my case. Peas on sticks have been blackened by wind while those on the netting have escaped injury. On the netting they cling most tenaciously, and as the peas are planted on the outside of the wire, the full benefit of the flowers is obtained. Unfortunately, I had not enough autumn-sown peas to supply all my cylinders, so that half those seen in the illustration are only about three feet high, the spring-sown clumps being a good three weeks behind those sown in a cold frame early in November. It is also a pity that the illustration gives such a poor idea of the colour effect, as nearly all my flowers are of red and dark shades, and do not show at all in the photographs. The clump illustrated nearest the camera is composed of Constance Oliver and Guy Hemus, and shows up well. This clump is almost six feet high already. I cut the first blooms the first week in June, and am getting big bunches daily.—CLARENCE PONTING.

A SWIMMING PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When I was in Cornwall last week walking by the side of a river I disturbed a hen pheasant on the bank. She immediately jumped off the bank, a distance of quite two yards, into the river, which at this point was about twelve yards wide and fairly deep, and swam to the other side. I imagined her to be a pinioned bird, but evidently she was quite accustomed to crossing the river in this way. Is not this very unusual?—ARTHUR WEBBER.



AUTUMN SOWN PLANTS.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Noticing in several issues of COUNTRY LIFE letters on how dogs, etc., like or dislike music, I am induced to send you the enclosed photograph of a couple of calves who also like musical sounds of a kind. These are with a lot more, but every afternoon within a few minutes of five o'clock they come to the railings



THE BELL-RINGERS.

and ring the bell for all they are worth, sometimes with the head (as in the photograph), at others with the nose, and they appear to thoroughly enjoy its tinkling. It is also very remarkable what good time-keepers they are.—T. CLARKE.

STAINING OAK PANELLING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers kindly inform me how to treat new oak panelling so as to obtain that silver-grey colour which exposure to the weather gives? I suppose lime will do it, but in what form should this be applied?—R.

[Lime is the most satisfactory treatment for oak panelling, and gives a result as near the silver-grey colour obtained by long exposure to the weather as it is possible to get. Fresh unslaked lime should be mixed with water to the consistency of cream. This mixture should be applied while it is hot, allowed to dry and then brushed off; it may be necessary to repeat this process two or three times. English oak gives a much more satisfactory result than any other oak, and the older the oak the better the result.—ED.]

THE MEANING OF THE COUNTY SHOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest your correspondent's remarks over the signature "A. T. M." in your issue of June 1st, on the subject of County Shows. Certainly tenant-farmers are badly treated at the Oxfordshire Show when all the classes are open to the whole country, but all county societies are not tarred with this same brush. Here, in Staffordshire, it certainly is not the case, for reading from the prize schedule for the show to be held this month at Newcastle-under-Lyme, it appears that out of a total sum of £889 13s. offered in prizes, £297 3s. is confined to prizes for *bond-fide* tenant-farmers, besides cups, etc., to the value of £44 13s. This is not taking into account prizes offered to tradesmen, milk-sellers and cottagers. In the Shire horse classes alone, £102 out of a total of £216 10s. is confined to tenant-farmers; in the sheep classes, £63 out of £156; and in the dairy cattle classes, £103 3s. out of £145 3s. As regards the tribute levied on towns which receive the society, the Staffordshire Society appears to be on all fours with the Oxfordshire, viz., a guarantee of about eight hundred pounds, but a large proportion of this amount is devoted towards local and tenant-farmers' classes, thereby benefiting the district. I have not details before me, but I do not think many county societies omit to cater for tenant-farmer classes in the way that the Oxfordshire Society appears to, and I hope such is the case, for,



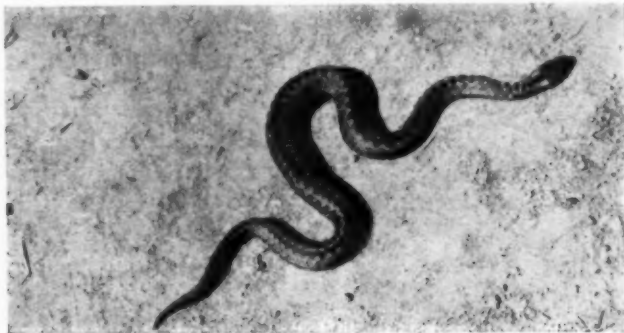
IN A RAWAL PINDI GARDEN.

in my opinion, such a course entirely defeats the object for which county agricultural societies were originally intended.—ALAN H. TWENTYMAN.

THE DISTINGUISHING MARK OF THE ADDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest the account of a grass snake being killed by a boy, but I quite endorse your remark that the killing of harmless creatures is not to be encouraged, and in order that your readers may be deterred from slaying the innocent grass snake in mistake for the venomous adder, I send herewith a photograph of the male and one of the female of this latter species, which serve to show how they may readily be distinguished by the zigzag dark line down the centre of the



A MALE ADDER.



MADAM'S SUN BATH.

back. In the case of the male this is usually black and very clearly shown, and although in the female it is frequently not so conspicuous, yet it is invariably present.—BENJAMIN HANLEY.

INDIAN ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is probably not common knowledge that roses of all kinds grow most luxuriantly in the Plains Stations of Northern India in the spring; that this is so can be seen from the enclosed photograph of a rose hedge I took in my garden early last April which was a perfect sight until spoiled by a heavy shower.—H. CHANDLER (Major, Indian Army), Rawal Pindi.

A MOUNTAIN SMITHY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Smithies something like the one pictured and described in COUNTRY LIFE were not uncommon fifty and sixty years ago. "Portable Smithies" they were called, and the owner went from farm to farm doing repairs in some districts. I have seen such at work. In a large stone quarry a portable smithy was moved about as required, and in some blasting work done a trail of powder was laid and fired by means of a long hot rod prepared in this smithy fire.—R. T.